

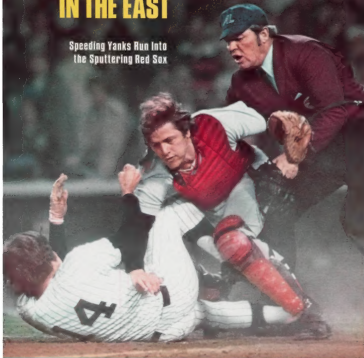
Sports Illustrated

MAY 31, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

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TONY RULMAN COMMANDS, "Gentlemen, start your engines," and the 60th running of the Indianapolis 500 is under way. Sam Moses is on hand to see who gets the victor's quart of milk.

JACK NICKLAUS REQUESTS the honor of your presence at Muirfield Village (designed by Jack) for a tournament (organized by Jack), a \$200,000 event (to be won by Jack?). Dan Jenkins accepts.

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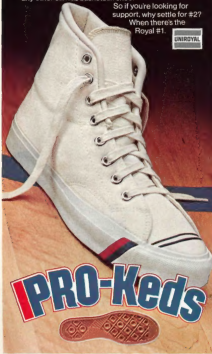
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UNIVERSAL



PHOTOGRAPHY

by ROBERT CANTWELL

THEY SHOT THE WEST DESPITE WAYING BRANCHES AND SIMMERING CHEMICALS

Early photographers in the American West stalked their landscapes like hunters going after big game. They placed their cameras on a shelf on a cliff or in a wooded valley looking up at a cloud-enshrouded mountainside and waited. After hours, and often days, the clouds parted, the sunlight blazed, the wind died—the air had to be motionless because the waving branches of a tree could produce a blur—and they took their pictures.

Ere of Exploration, by Weston J. Naef and James N. Wood (Little, Brown, a New York Graphic Society book, \$25), is subtitled *The Rise of Landscape Photography in the American West, 1850-1883*; you could add . . . and the *Trial of the Photographers* without misrepresentation. The first trip of Carleton Watkins to Yosemite in 1851 is an instance of what these men went up against. Watkins had a wooden camera built for him with 18-by-21-inch coated glass plates, the first such equipment used by an American in the wilderness. It was a 120-mile trip from San Francisco, where he was working in a photographic studio, to the jumping-off place at Coulterville, Calif. and then a two-day trek with pack mules—there were no trails—to the edge of the valley.

Watkins placed his camera in idyllic surroundings. He liked still water and scattered pines in the foreground, with looming walls or sharp peaks visible through branches. Using a technique then popular, Watkins first polished a glass plate and coated it with collodion, then sensitized the collodion with silver nitrate. He used large glass plates because at the time there was no adequate method of making enlargements. Working in a dark tent he had to balance the plates with one hand while he poured the liquids over them with the other.

He was then ready to take a picture. Watkins preferred early-morning or late-afternoon light, which often required a one-hour exposure. If anything moved during the hour he had to start over. The negatives had to be developed on the spot. Some of the photographs he carried back to San Francisco were flawed, so he returned to Yosemite and shot another series of pictures. These were sold in bound sets of prints; there was no satisfactory method of publishing photographs in book form. Each print had to be fixed, toned, washed and dried by hand, Watkins turning them out himself at the rate of 15 a day. By 1873, when he was 44, he was nationally famous and bankrupt.

Timothy O'Sullivan, who made a name for himself as a Civil War photographer, was the most daring and adventurous of the pioneers. He photographed Death Valley when the heat was so intense his photographic chemicals boiled. He made his way 260 miles upstream against the Colorado's current, but most of his negatives were ruined while being shipped back to civilization from Prescott, Ariz. O'Sullivan's view of nature had little in common with Watkins' serene and tranquil scenes: closeups of rock patterns and geyers, the utter desolation of Colorado's Black Canyon, expanses of snow above the Green River, an unforgettable shot of a solitary wagon silhouetted against sand dunes on the Carson Sink in Nevada.

In 1868 Endward Maybridge duplicated Watkins' Yosemite journeys, with far greater financial rewards. He made history with his studies of men and horses in action. In 1872 Governor Leland Stanford of California bet a friend that at one point a galloping horse had all four feet off the ground; Maybridge devised a snap of cameras operating in sequence that proved the Governor was right.

Andrew Joseph Russell was an artist and a teacher of penmanship before he became the official photographer of the Union Pacific Railroad. Russell interpreted his assignment very broadly; he photographed the required scenes, such as the famous picture of the joining of the rails at Promontory, Utah, but he also climbed many mountains to shoot landscapes in places where it was certain no Union Pacific railway track would ever be laid.

William Henry Jackson, once an on-team driver, is the fifth man examined in *Era of Exploration*. As an itinerant photographer, Jackson was something of a con man and a hustler, until he was possessed by the majesty of the Rockies. Thereafter he spent his lifetime—he lived to be 96—trying to capture this splendor.

Much of the best work of the pioneers exists only in fragments. Of some 2,500 prints that O'Sullivan made for a government survey in 1867 (30 sets of 50 plates) no complete set exists. No complete set of Watkins' 114 prints of his Yosemite walking trip has survived. Nor is there a complete set of Maybridge's plates made in imitation of Watkins. The 300 or so illustrations in *Era of Exploration* are a powerful suggestion of how much these dedicated artists accomplished and even more a reminder of how much of their work has disappeared. It is a hard book to read, not because the text is dull—it is far from it—but because the power of the plates constantly takes your eyes from the words. Which is probably what Russell meant when he wrote, "Words cannot express or describe it. But the truthful camera tells the tale and tells it well." END



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Why are these young drivers choosing Cadillac? It could be that good judgment isn't a matter of age. It's a matter of recognizing real value.



MOVIE TALK

by MARTHA SARGENT

'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE BLOODS AND BODY BUILDERS

Step Men is a thoroughly Southern movie that, for a change, is not about race or politics. Jeff Bridges (*Effects of the Way*, *The Last Picture Show*) deftly portrays Craig Blake, scion of a prominent Alabama family, who, after the death of his parents, becomes involved in a scheme to buy The Olympic Spa, a Vic Tanny-type gym in downtown Birmingham, from its real-estate owner so that a high-rise can be erected.

Naïve and impressionable, Craig is fascinated by the easy clientele of the gym while retaining his ties with the gentry. Unfortunately, the conflicting social outlets make a mockery of the plot. Still, a few suggest tidbits. On one slow-breathing afternoon, Craig gets smashed on home brew and does a country jig in a fiddler's circle. He naps in ecstasy, and one gets sky-high watching him. In the first of the several fight scenes a fat brawler hits him with a tennis racket piece and reduces him to paroxysms. This short, understated sequence is like one of those barroom scuffles that seem to come from nowhere.

Patrons of the flaky body shop include Mary Tass Farnsworth (Sally Field, TV's *Flying Nun*, now grounded), a combative minkin who rips about with athletic sciences, and Joe Sarno (Arnold Schwarzenegger, a five-time Mr. Universe), the Spa's prime doltia entrant in a body-building contest. Though Schwarzenegger has had little previous acting experience, he fits in with the pro ease creditably, and his muscular presence is engagingly much-to-free. The camera tracks him from porching training to the final twirling where geared pecs and glutes under honey-red lights and venous biceps expand and contract to swelling adoration.

Bob Rafelson (*Five Easy Pieces*) is the producer, director and co-author of the script, adapted from a novel by Charles Gance, co-author of *Peeping Tom*, an authoritative work on body building. Rafelson's attention to detail captures Southern traits often missed in other films. The graphic and sometimes witty dialogue is spoken in molasses-smooth scenes. And as laudatory as the blue bloods are, they have earthy vitality; along with the easy taste of mint juleps sipped on the verandas of willow-fringed ramblers comes the aura of white lightning.

The film's good points are dulled by its ending: a barbed-banging rampage followed by a tickle-on happily-ever-after. Though dumb, the viewer is not dumber. **BAD**

Relive the year they invented the United States...



TIME has just published a new Bicentennial special issue—THE NEW NATION—written as though TIME's reporters were on the scene the week of Sept. 26, 1789.

That was the year we were putting together a new nation. The new Constitution became law. Our institutions and traditions were being invented from scratch. Just this week, the Bill of Rights was submitted to the states for approval. And President Washington was criticized for living too royally. (52 dozen bottles of fine wine for a recent dinner!)

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Footloose

by J. D. ROSS

SUPPOSE FULLY CLOTHED ATHLETES HAD
TO INTERVIEW NAKED SPORTSWRITERS

As the baseball season opened, and the basketball and hockey seasons closed, and the Olympics gained up and golf prepared to go north, a scene was played out in a hundred places around the country. Writers rushed into steamy locker rooms after games, with notebooks and/or tape recorders at the ready, to confront tired, naked athletes.

Among the odors of cologne, sweat, hair spray, baby powder and liniment, the tightly attired writers asked questions, the athletes answered as they dressed, and then everyone went home. But lately I have been having a strange vision whenever I walk into a locker room: in fact, it's become an obsession. What if the situation were reversed?

Suppose that after a hockey game, say, the writers scrambled to an ice-level room marked rins, hung up their clothes, showered and, sipping beers, stood naked, dripping on the carpet. And then in came the players, dressed in their three-piece suits, to make the rounds of the tired old writers, now sitting on metal folding chairs. And what if the players held the notebooks and recorders. There would be Phil Esposito asking Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*, "Was it a tough game to cover, Dave?" and Anderson answering, "Well, Phil, I had plenty of bull-penies, but the coffee ran out midway through the second period. It was tough going after that."

Or maybe Bobby Hull asking Red Smith, "Red, you've seen a lot in your years on the beat, what made this game different in your eyes?" And there would be the great Red, wrapped in a towel, humble, praising his colleagues.

The possibilities of such a scene carry me away at times. A player squinting the arm of a half-dressed writer, saying, "How's the writer's crotch, kid? You going to make it through the playoffs?"

"The word is around that you're out of condition, Mark," says Red. "C'monrah from caplines copreaders," says Mark. "I've cut down on adjectives and rap going is slawey."

These subtle-turning dreams come, perhaps, from spending too much time in locker rooms, the natural habitat of athletes, but places that writers invade with impunity.

Try standing naked in front of your mirror after a shower and explaining to an imaginary contributor what you did all day. Then you may have some idea what it's like after a game, and why I'd like to see the tables turned. *Two*



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRAMER

SERVING TIME

Serge Savard of the Montreal Canadiens made a blunt comment after the Canadiens swept the Philadelphia Flyers in the Stanley Cup finals. "The Flyers were the worst thing to happen to hockey," said Savard. "The way they fight, the way they set the example for the young kids. To sweep them, maybe we put an end to all the crap they stand for."

Savard's inelegant language reflected, of course, to the Flyers' bruising method of play, which, combined with Coach Fred Shero's analytical all-risk strategy, made the Broad Street Bullies the dominant team in hockey for the past two or three years. And Savard may be right. Certainly more and more people, disturbed by the Flyers' harsh approach to the game, have been making efforts to counteract their influence, and Montreal's victory can only help their cause.

Perhaps the best antidote is one proposed by Bobby Kremen, coach of the Winnipeg Jets. It is simple, yet could prove highly effective. Under current rules, a player serving a two-minute penalty is released from the penalty box if a goal is scored against his shorthanded teammates during his sentence, one goal being deemed punishment enough. All that Kremen asks is that a player be required to serve the entire two minutes, no matter what happens on the ice during his absence.

"If the price of a penalty turns out to be two goals, even three," he says, "maybe some teams will start up." The games, the headliners, the penalty servicers, would become detrimental to their teams. Hockey would continue to be the fast, rough body-contact sport it should be, but the deft puckhandlers who can do magical things on ice would be at a premium. Admireable finesse would no longer be obscured by blind violence.

WINNING IS THE ONLY THING

Stan Bonedeitch, who in more than two decades of coaching football at Swampscott High in Massachusetts won almost

80% of his games, had some advice for young coaches as he resigned his post last week. "Only take a job in a losing situation," he said. "Build it into a winner and then leave. Once you start winning, people accept nothing else."

Bonedeitch said he was not going up coaching. "I'll just do it someplace else," he said. "The pressure here was getting to be too much. I was in a situation where I had to win 11 out of 10."

PLEA BARGAINING

Manager Rich Donnelly's Sacramento Solons were losing to Spokane 18-3 with one out in the last of the ninth inning when Plate Umpire Joe Pascucci ejected Charlie Bordas of the Solons from the game. It was the last straw of a long night for Donnelly, who said later that Pascucci had thrown out Bordas because someone on the Sacramento bench was riding the umpires and Bordas refused to say who it was. "Pascucci warned me to tell Bordas to point out the guilty party," Donnelly fumed. "If he did, he could stay in the game. I told Pascucci I wouldn't stand for that kind of bargaining." Donnelly took his team off the field and into the clubhouse. Most of the fans still at the game got up and left.

Finally, Spokane's manager, the genial, gurglesman Frank Howard, who was suffering from a torn knee ligament, limped to the Sacramento clubhouse to talk to Donnelly. Blessed are the peace-makers. Howard, a former American League home run champion, explained to the 29-year-old Donnelly that the game would be forfeited and the Sacramento club could incur a substantial fine. He reminded Donnelly that the score was 18-3 and that his adamant stand in such a bizarre situation could jeopardize his managerial future. After 20 minutes, Donnelly gave in. He stayed in the clubhouse but let his team return to the field. Spokane Relief Pitcher Tom Widmar joked to Umpire Pascucci, "Hey, Joe, guess I'm up. I'm a short reliever." Widmar threw one pitch. The batter hit into

a double play and the game was over. "Never a dull moment down here," said Howard.

NEW TWIST

Track and field is getting all twisted up. Well, maybe track isn't, but field is. You will recall that a couple of years ago a few adventurous long jumpers introduced the flip, a technique in which the jumper, after leaving the takeoff board, throws himself into a full forward somersault before landing on his feet. The powers-that-be declared it illegal, but it is an exhilarating and potentially superior method of jumping.

In pole vaulting, a 29-year-old associate professor of mechanical engineering at Southern California named James Vernon, who vaults for fun the way other people his age jog, has used engineering principles to design and build new vaulting poles he calls Long Bows. "I haven't figured out the optimum shape yet," says Vernon, whose poles are jointed and angular and look as though Dr.



Scow might have put them together. Top vaulters have not yet used Vernon's strange devices, but they're keeping an eye on them. "He's quite a man," says Gene Wolfe, track coach at USC. "He's good for vaulting."

In high jumping, a gymnast named Glen Schmalz at the University of Wisconsin at La Crosse stunned the school's track coach by demonstrating a new technique in which he prints toward the standards, does a cartwheel and flips over the bar headfirst. The first time he did it for the coach, Schmalz, who could jump only 5'8" using recognized styles, cleared 5'10" and, later, 7'2". "I've tried 3'6" in practice," he says, "but I keep

Continued

knocking the bat down after I go over." However, after Schmeeling joined the track team and leaped 6'10" in his first meet, he was disqualified by the judges on the ground that he had taken off from both feet, which is against the rules.

"I know I'm using only one foot," Schmeeling says, "but the judges don't believe it. Maybe the solution is to have a video-tape machine at each meet." Dr. Leroy Walker, head coach of the U.S. Olympic track team, says, "I don't mind his style, but he's got to prove he's using only one foot. It could be a very good thing. People laughed at the Fosbury Flop when it first came out, and now everybody uses it."

Schmeeling seems annoyed by the flap caused by his fig. "I think the situation is pretty funny," he says. "I got a letter from a track federation that says my jump is illegal. They've never even seen it. I'm going to frame that letter."

VISUAL AIDS

The Shreveport Captains of the Texas League thought they might put their team nickname on the players' caps this year. You know, like "A's" or "Sox." The trouble is, the Captains are usually called the Caps. Management felt that if they put "Caps" on the caps, fans might start wondering why they didn't put "Shirts" on the shirts and "Pants" on the pants. They settled instead for a plain old black "S."

GOOD BET

Harness racing is getting on the side of the angels. In West Mansfield, Ohio the Church of Christ received almost \$14,000 last year from the winnings of the outstanding pacer, Rambling Willie—enough to remodel the church and hire an assistant minister. One of Willie's owners is Mrs. Vivian Farrington, whose husband Bob is a former harness-driving champion and whose father, the Rev. C. L. Harris, is pastor of the church. Mrs. Farrington believes in titling, and so does Pastor Harris. He concedes that his congregation tends to frown on such things as lotteries but, he adds, "They know that the horse's earnings are Vivian and Bob's livelihood, and they accept that. But though the money is credited to Vivian and Bob, they also know that Rambling Willie is really doing this, and they're thrilled by it. They'll ask, 'How did Rambling Willie do last night?'"

We even put his picture up on the bulletin board."

In New York state, Monticello Raceway received an O.K. from the State Racing and Wagering Board to put on a full program of 80 races for the benefit of St. Peter's, a local Catholic church that was gutted by fire in December. Net revenues from betting, admissions, parking and concessions—about \$20,000—went to the St. Peter's building fund. His Eminence, Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York, beamed his approval, and Monsignor John N. Brooks, pastor of St. Peter's said, "We are overwhelmed. We are grateful to the raceway."

If this seems incongruous—churches cheek-by-jowl with racing—it should be recalled that, except in Kentucky and other thoroughbred centers, country people with an aversion to horse racing on the flat have a traditional affection for harness racing. Remember the recitation in *Movin' Man*, castigating flat racing? "Not a trotter's race. Not a harness race where they set right down on the horse. Like to see some stack-up Jockey-boy settin' on Don Parich! Make your blood boil! Well, I should say."

SHOUTOUT

When the Pacific Eight baseball conference was dissolved last year for economic reasons (mostly the cost of repeated trips up and down the West Coast), the four California schools—USC, UCLA, Stanford and California—joined with Santa Barbara to form the five-team California Intercollegiate Baseball Association. Not a very large conference, but a potent one. CIBA teams have won 12 of 29 College World Series. USC an unprecedented five is a new.

But no CIBA team will win the College World Series this year, because none has been invited to play. An NCAA rule specifies that a conference must consist of at least six teams for its champion to qualify for a playoff berth. Teams in smaller conferences are grouped with independent teams and are invited on merit. The four teams picked for this year's West Regional playoffs are two conference champions, Pepperdine and Cal State-Fullerton, and two independents, Washington State and Northern Colorado. On the surface, this seems fair, because Washington State (35-12) and Northern Colorado (23-8) had better won-lost records than CIBA champion

UCLA (35-25). But neither of the invited teams played schedules comparable to those of UCLA and the other CIBA members. Fourth-place California had a 26-6 non-conference record, and last-place Santa Barbara beat Pepperdine twice. On the other hand, the NCAA argues, UCLA lost to Cal State-Fullerton twice, split two games with Pepperdine and managed only a 19-17 non-conference record.

California Coach Jackie Jensen, who strongly supports UCLA's bid, says, "We were led to believe that our winner would be chosen because of the strength and prestige of our conference. It's a terrible injustice."

ANYTHING YOU SAY, GARY

Gary Gubner, the massive New Yorker who held the indoor record for the shot put a decade or so ago and later became a U.S. weight lifting champion, has taken up running. Because of his bulk—Gubner comes in at about 250 pounds—he finds it all but impossible to compete seriously against rivals 100 pounds lighter, who file past him with ease. But once a competitor, always a competitor. Gubner wants to win a race, or at least have a shot at trying. So he has joined a campaign to get the AAU to establish weight divisions in running. If a beetle-browed man resembling a large oak tree shoves a petition in front of you and says "Sign," it might be Gubner. And if it is, it might be easier all around if you just do what he wants you to do, without argument.

THEY SAID IT

- Warren Spahn, after two months in Japan in a pitching coach: "They're a long way behind American baseball in a lot of ways, but in other ways—well, a high school kid signed for \$200,000 while I was there."
- Abe Lemons, University of Texas basketball coach, on the problem of wide-ranging recruiting: "One of these days the NCAA might put in a rule that says you have to have one player a year on your team from your home state."
- Bob Lutz, after losing to Guillermo Vilas in a World Championship Tennis match: "I got tired, my ears started popping, the rubber came off my tennis shoes, I got a cramp and I lost one of my contact lenses. Other than that, I was in great shape."

END

More what?

More of the good things
that so many cigarette
smokers are going for:

The long lean burnished
brown look.

The smooth easy draw.

The slower-burning
smoke that gives you more
puffs for your money, more
time for enjoyment.

More what? More of a
cigarette. That's what.



More. The smooth 120mm taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

YANKEE DOODLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEB LEYER



SERIES WAS A DANDY



Trying to get back into the race with speeding New York, Boston split four games and, very nearly, a few heads

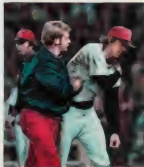
by LARRY KEITH

Boston and New York, two bitter and sometimes belligerent baseball rivals, staged a four-part drama in Yankee Stadium last week that was out of character for the usually tranquil month of May. Despite the early date, the crowds were large, the tempers short and the performances extraordinary. There was a bat-de royal in Game 1, an unlikely hero in Game 2, a brilliant pitchers' duel in Game 3 and a see-saw struggle in Game 4. And there was good reason for it all—the American League champion Red Sox had fallen far behind in the Eastern Division race, and New York was beginning to look like Boston's successor. Under such conditions, it was hardly surprising that neither side was taking any prisoners.

The showdown was critically important for the Red Sox. Despite seven victories in their last eight games before an-

continued

Mark Buehler (1) took a flyer into the lap in which Bill Lee's pitching wing was clipped.



rising in New York, they had been unable to overcome the damaging effects of an earlier 10-game losing streak, their worst in 16 years. They were three games below .500, six behind the division-leading Yankees and, according to wise old Carl Yastrzemski, desperate for a good showing. "If we do worse than break even, we might never catch up," he said. "I know it's early, but eight or 10 games is a lot of ground to cover. The Orioles fell way behind like that last year, and it killed them."

New York's prospects were infinitely brighter. A new, aggressive playing style had propelled the Yankees to their best start since 1958. Under Manager Billy Martin, the Bronx Bombers had become the Bronx Burglars, their pinstripes blurring in the slipstream as they sped around the bases. And thanks to Owner George Steinbrenner's akase against long hair, the Yankees even had a sleek look to complement their sassy attack.

New York stole into first place the opening week of the season and has remained there by never losing more than two consecutive games. But to finish on top, which the Yankees have not done in 32 years, they knew they must beat the Red Sox. Boston had not lost a season series between the two since 1971. Last June the Red Sox rushed past the Yankees into first place by taking three of four in Fenway Park. They were never out of the lead thereafter. "Fortunately, we have a lot of new players who don't remember all of our losses to Boston," says Third Baseman Graig Nettles. "It shouldn't be a hangup anymore."

New York has no few players who were developed in its farm system that the Yankee locker room resembles a bus depot. Two of the most recent arrivals were obtained within 2½ hours of each other last winter: Centerfielder Mickey Rivers (from California) and Second Baseman Willie Randolph (Pittsburgh). Rivers, who led the league with 70 stolen bases last year, and Randolph, a native New Yorker who is the only rookie on the All-Star ballot, are speedsters perfectly suited to the Yanks' all-out style. And with batting averages above .300, they get plenty of chances to show their fancy footwork. They are tied for the division lead in steals with 14 apiece.

During and aggressiveness have always characterized Martin, both as a player and a manager. "Players like to do things that are exciting," he says. "It's risky,

but we're successful more often than we fail. The other team never knows what we are going to do next. And this extra pressure forces mistakes."

When Martin moved from Texas to New York late last season, he had neither the time nor the personnel to initiate his favorite style of play. But he trades for Rivers and Randolph and a thorough teaching job in spring training got his system firmly implanted. "I told them they would never be criticized for making a mistake because of over-aggressiveness," Martin says. "I didn't want anybody holding back."

No one has. With Martin directing traffic from the dugout, Rivers and Randolph have become the pifflingest pair in the East. Nettles has five steals, one more than his total for the last four seasons, and Catcher Thurman Munson has six, equalling his career high for a season. Leftfielder Roy White, who was frequently miscast as a cleanup man for five years, is now batting second where he can hit and run and lay down bunts. "Some guys complain when they bat behind a base-stealer like Rivers," says White. "But I like it. His running opens holes in the infield. He's given us a whole new dimension."

Since childhood, John Milton Rivers has been called "Mickey" after his old Yankee hero, Mantle. That is about the closest connection the new Yanks have with their long-gone, long-ball past. In fact, to obtain Rivers, a small, Red Carrow-style batter, the Yankees gave up their leading power hitter, Bobby Bonds. Now New York has its runnngest team ever, twice as larcenous as, for example, the Go Go White Sox of 1979.

"I like our style just the way it is," says Sparky Lyle, the flaky bullpen ace who has four wins and seven saves. "It's nice to have those power hitters, but you can't always count on them to come through." The Yankee pitching staff has learned to count on an attack that includes five .300 batters. One of them, Designated Hitter Lou Piniella, says, "We know how to handle the bat. We don't strike out much, and we can go to the opposite field. Of course, we'll hit some home runs, but home runs don't win championships."

Piniella is dead right. In only one season since 1970 has a team led the American League in homers and won its division. Three base-stealing leaders have doubled as champions of their divisions.

It will take plenty of fast feet to hold off the Red Sox. Boston was a heavy favorite to repeat as division champion this year, and none of the Red Sox disagreed with that prediction. "If anything, we are stronger," Manager Darrell Johnson said in spring training.

But the Red Sox started slowly, then came completely unraveled during their losing streak. When Boston bottomed out at 6-15, its team batting average was .256 and its staff ERA was 4.00. Pitcher Luis Tiant (1-2) and Centerfielder Fred Lynn (.419) had played well, but two batting stars of last season, Leftfielder Jim Rice and Second Baseman Denny Doyle, were benched. They hit a combined .221 during Boston's swoon. And the Sox who remained on the field seemed to be infected with a malaise of the mind. "We've already made more mental mistakes than we made all last year," says Coach Don Zimmer. There was also the problem of salary disputes involving Lynn, Catcher Carlton Fisk and Shortstop Rick Burleson. There even have been rumors that Lynn, last season's MVP, may be traded to the Angels if he does not sign soon.

The Sox corrected their on-field difficulties after a self-proclaimed Salem witch "examined their auras." Improved pitching and hitting did not hurt, either.

Speedsters Rivers (left) and Randolph lead



The bullpen, bolstered by former Brave Tom House, picked up two wins and two saves during the recovery, and Ferguson Jenkins, obtained from Texas in the Sox's only other major trade during the off-season, pitched two victories. The hitters went on a .293 tear led by reserve Outfielder Rick Miller, who got a chance in centerfield when Lynn was injured.

The Red Sox agreed that a four-game sweep in New York would get them back in the race. Overstatement became the order of the day as one player after another measured "the electricity in the air" and made comparisons with the playoffs. But Burleson had to laugh when he said, "Playing the Yankees here is like playing the World Series." That was going too far.

What could not be overstated was the heated rivalry between the two teams. That became apparent during the first game on Thursday night. The Yankees tried to stretch a 1-0 lead with two out in the sixth by sending Pinella, one of the few lead-footed New Yorkers, home from second on a single to right field. Dwight Evans, who has a cannon arm and had cut down another runner at the plate in the third inning, caught Pinella with a perfect strike. When Pinella tried to jostle the ball out of Fisk's grasp, the fight was on.

the Eastern Division in deals with 14 each.



As the umpires watched from a safe distance, players stormed onto the field from both dugouts and the center-field bullpen. Rivers, a flyweight, engaged in guerrilla tactics on the perimeter, but the main event involved Pitcher Bill Lee, Boston's only left-handed starter, and Nettles. Lee got much the worst of it—a black eye and a torn ligament in his shoulder that is likely to keep him out of action for six weeks. Other casualties included Yax (bruised thigh), Pinella (swollen finger) and Rivers (injured toe). Even the bat boy was hit by debris thrown from the stands.

After the Yankees won the fight, the Red Sox came back to take the game, exploding for eight runs in the last three innings for an 8-2 victory. "The fight is what did it," said Yastrzemski, who cracked his fourth and fifth homers in the two days since he had borrowed Evans' bat and resumed his familiar raised-arm stance. "After that we had a will to win. I hadn't seen since the World Series. I wasn't just congratulated after the home runs, I was mobbed."

The injuries left New York with a makeshift lineup for the second game. Munson moved to left so that White could replace Rivers in center, and Carlos May, acquired from the White Sox only the day before, replaced Pinella as the DH. In desperate need of a reserve outfielder, the Yankees called minor-league Kerry Dineen at 6 p.m. and told him to hightail it in from Syracuse. As for the Red Sox, Lee looked like a man who had welched on a loan, and Yax could barely walk. But he had to stay at first because two other teammates were disabled by earlier injuries.

The highlights of the second game were provided mainly by the substitutes. Randolph's stolen base and a nicely executed hit-and-run by First Baseman Chris Chambliss helped the Yankees to a 2-0 first-inning lead. Then Munson, a Gold Glove catcher but an iron glove leftfielder, misjudged one fly ball and dropped another as Boston came back with four runs in the second.

New York rallied to tie the score at 5-5 in the ninth on a pinch double by Otto Velez and two sacrifice flies. Three innings later Boston's Doyle, who is gaining a reputation for ill-timed mistakes, committed a two-out error on a grounder by May. Nettles and Dineen followed with back-to-back singles, and the Yankees won 6-5.

Dineen, who had arrived at the Stadium (by airplane and Steinbrenner's chauffeured limousine) in the fifth inning, was the unlikelyst of heroes. The high point of his previous major league tour, a seven-game stint last season during which he batted an impressive .364, was a fan letter from Mrs. Babe Ruth.

There was more excitement on Saturday, when the teams again battled into extra innings. Yankee ace Catfish Hunter, who was 0-3 against Boston last year and a slow-starting 3-5 against the league before this game, won it 1-0 with a three-hit, 11-inning masterpiece.

Randolph got two of the five hits allowed by starter Dick Pole and Home. He was unable to score on either of them, although he twice reached second base, the first time on a wild-pickoff throw, then on White's bunt. But Boston let the rookie on once too often by walking him to open the 11th inning. Again White sacrificed him to second. After Munson was walked intentionally and Chambliss flied out, up came May, who won the game by slanking a single past the diving Doyle. "That's the kind of game we always lost to Boston in the past," said White. Manager Johnson, again seven games behind the Yankees, called the second straight extra-inning defeat "brutal."

A third loss on Sunday would have been more than brutal for Boston, but the Red Sox rebounded with a 7-6 victory. It was a tense classic of another sort—there were two ties and four lead changes—even if it was mucked up by the Yankees, who had an error, two passed balls and a wild pitch and walked in the winning run in the ninth.

The Yanks also suffered from their aggressiveness, running themselves out of two scoring opportunities. After Boston had gone ahead for the second time on Rice's two-run homer in the seventh, Dineen was caught stealing with two out in the eighth. Then, with one out in the ninth and the Yanks trailing 7-5, Randolph got his third hit of the day. Seconds later he scored on White's drive into the left-field corner, but White was thrown out at third on a fire relay from Miller to Burleson to Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli. Munson's weak pop-up ended the game.

More than 160,000 fans had watched the two rivals divide the series. And even though the standings were not affected, the early-season tranquility most certainly was.

END



Question: Did Glance (left) pass the race?

STEVE SAID SO SORRY BUT I GOTTA RUN

Having lingered too long in the company of Harvey Glance, Houston McTear and other 100-meter men, Steve Williams excused himself and was breezing

by PAT PUTNAM

world record, and again Glance was second, Preston third. For a man who has said that he intends to win four gold medals at Montreal, it was a mighty impressive performance.

At dinner the night before with Vicki Smith, a tall and pretty shotputter from Florida State, Williams had predicted that the 100-meter race would make the rest of the world painfully aware of the overall strength of American sprinters.

"Tomorrow will change the whole complexion of the sprint Games," he said. "The world is going to wake up and see the times and say, 'Oh, oh, those guys have really got their stuff together.' And a few guys ducked this race. It is quite possible fifth place could be 9.9. Those guys can look back then and say, 'Wow, I should have been there.'"

Among the missing were Reggie Jones, who ran a 10 flat behind Don Quarrie's 9.9 at the California Relays later that day, and Steve Riddick, who had a 10.33 in Florence, Italy earlier in the week. The way Williams was running, it hardly mattered, although he himself was less than satisfied.

"The first part of the race was just terrible," Williams said. "I ran like a spectator. I was too concentrated on how the other runners were doing. I kept looking to the side at Glance. And I kept trying to peek around to see what McTear was doing."

He didn't have any trouble seeing the 5'8" Glance, who has run two 9.9's, and who got away quickly to lead most of the race. McTear stayed with him half-way, then slowed abruptly and was swallowed up in the field.

The last six weeks have been discouraging for McTear. For one thing, his coach, Wil Wiloughby, was involved in some legal difficulties, and the 19-year-

old sprinter missed two weeks of training. In addition, having turned down an offer to play football at the University of Florida, he has taken a battering by the state's newspapers.

"What we have done with McTear is create a phenomenon," said Brooks Johnson, Williams' coach at the Florida Track Club. "And now we are trying to devour it. It's unfair for grown men to gang up on a 19-year-old. The kid has had a lot of pressure on him."

Williams has been going to Johnson for counsel since 1973. Then last December he moved to Gainesville, Fla. from San Diego so they could work together full-time. The first thing Johnson did was to get out some video tapes of Williams' races. Together they analyzed his form frame by frame, hand-turned frame.

"I was shocked," Williams said before the race. "I never realized how bad I was. I had been winning by accident, over-coming bad form purely by strength. I was overstriding, with my feet always ahead of my body. That's what you do when you want to stop, not go. My arm motion was bad; I was running with my shoulders up around my ears. Since then I've totally concentrated on technique, and still won by accident. Tomorrow will be the first time I've stepped out where I will totally rely on killer instincts."

Which he did. While Williams was winning and McTear struggling, Glance and Preston, a 20-year-old sophomore at Arkansas State, were establishing themselves as solid favorites to make the U.S. Olympic team. Glance, overtaken by Williams in the last 10 meters, finished in 10 flat. Preston, running on a track he felt was too soft, in 10.3.

Glance had said he would run as he always has, fully relaxed, waiting for his strength to make him dominant over the

Except for the location, Atlanta instead of Eugene, Ore., it could have been the 100-meter final of the Olympic Trials, not the Martin Luther King Games. Indeed, the race went just about the way everyone expects the Trials to go in late June. Running with killer instincts for the first time this year, as he said he would, Steve Williams burned to yet another 9.9, giving him five ties for the world record, and in doing so, swept aside the challenges of such strong young chargers as Harvey Glance and Ed Preston, who finished second and third, and Houston McTear, who came in a disappointing seventh.

When the race was over, Williams turned and sped almost as quickly back to Glance, Auburn's effervescent freshman, to apologize. No, not for winning, but for snatching the tape at the end of the race and firing a look back toward those less swift than he.

"Hey, I didn't mean nothing by that, baby; it just happened," Williams said, embracing his smaller, more muscular rival. "We got to have a few beers, you and me and McTear, and start putting our stuff together for the Games."

Less than an hour later Williams was a winner again, this time in the 200-meter. His time was 19.9, a tenth off the

last 30 meters. A 145-pounder, he bench-presses 305 pounds. Something is working for him. He was a 9.4 sprinter in high school last year, and has since won the NCAA 60-yard indoor championship, plus recording the new 9.8.

"But I'm not taking anything for granted," he said. "Before the Trials I'm going to run the junior championships. I want to represent my country somewhere this year."

As a ninth-grader he had watched the 1972 Olympics on TV. Every time they played the national anthem, he sang all of the words. "I saw all these guys wearing USA uniforms and I fantasized myself in one of those outfits."

On Friday the 6'1", 177-pound Preston eased through a light workout. Then he found a spot in the bleachers, shaded from the hot Georgia sun. He has run the fastest automatically timed 100 meters this season, a 10.07 at the Texas Relays. "I guess that makes me the fastest so far," he said. "The rest all have hand-held times, which is worth an extra two-tenths of a second. I came here thinking I can win but it won't bother me if I don't. I'd like to run a 9.9."

Nearby, Guy Kochel, Preston's coach at Arkansas State, shook his head.

Preston laughed. "I'm just better than these guys, coach."

Kochel shrugged. "If you get away early I don't believe they'll run you down."

It went the other way. Preston got off to a slow start. There had been two false starts, both caused by Robert Woods of Grambling. One was blamed on faulty blocks and dismissed. Under the meet rules, the first false start would be charged against the field. The next one would remove the offender from the race. It made for a cautious field.

"There was too much potticking and not enough concentration on the part of the other guys," said Preston. He was cloth after 30 meters, then began to make up a lot of distance on the field.

"There are some guys you just don't make up on," Kochel said. "Guys like Williams and Glance."

With 40 yards to go and Glance in front, Williams decided he

continued

*Dashley as winner and spectator, Williams
Aids the tape and checks out the competition.*



had better concentrate on the race rather than on his rivals. He began to lift, and with some 10 meters to go he passed Glance.

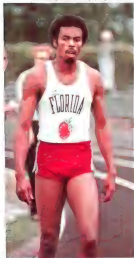
"He's a monster," said Glance with admiration. "A real horse. At the 100-yard mark he pulled up and then those long legs just started rolling. And I thought I was strong."

Maybe it's a case of knowing what you want. Williams wants those four gold medals: in the 100, the 200, and two relays—400 and 1,600 meter—something no man has ever done. The only race he'll run between now and the Trials is the 400 in the AAU championships at Los Angeles. Williams hopes that with a good time he will convince the U.S. coaches that he deserves a spot on the 1,600-meter relay team. It would be a tremendous feat.

At dinner Vicki Smith had described two recent automobile accidents she had been in. She said she certainly hoped she didn't have a third. There she laughed and asked Williams if he'd like to take a ride with her.

"No," he said with unusual seriousness. "God and me are not going to meet until after I've won a gold medal."

Moore's goal is four Olympic gold medals.



IT TOOK SHORTER A LITTLE LONGER

by SARAH PILEGGI

When it was all over in Eugene, Ore., last Saturday and the three-man U.S. Olympic marathon team for Montreal had been decided, Frank Shorter, the winner, said he had never had an easier race; Bill Rodgers, who finished second, said he had thought about retiring from the sport at 24 miles; and Don Kardong, the third man, jumped into the steeped chase pit because he couldn't think of anything to say.

Shorter's time for his trouble-free, relatively effortless run on a cool, windless afternoon was 2 hours, 11 minutes, 51 seconds, which was less than one minute slower than the Olympic marathon he won in Munich in 1972 and more than four minutes faster than his time for the 1972 Trial over the same Eugene course. Akin to Shorter nearly every step of the way for 26 miles 385 yards through the flowering Willamette River valley was Rodgers, the late-blooming distance runner from Melrose, Mass., who won the 1975 Boston Marathon in 2:09:55, less time than a had ever taken an American to do what legend tells as Philipides did in 490 B.C. But Philipides, who had never heard of spray-beated Nikes or ERG electrolyte replacement and glucose or expense-paid trips to Olympia, died at the end of his run, whereas Rodgers survived to race again, though a little the worse for wear. As he leaped off the University of Oregon's Hayward Field track and into an office under the grandstand where USOC drug testers waited for urine samples, his eyes were bloodshot, his bony shoulders were hunched and his system was so dehydrated that an hour and a quarter later it had still not produced a twenty-seventh sample.

Nevertheless, the first meeting at the distance of the country's two best marathoners was what the crowd of 15,000 knowledgeable Eugene track fans had come to see, and Rodgers had held his own. The order of the finish was as predicted: its closeness, however, was not. Shorter, who is also a very good 10,000-meter runner (27:46), is noted for being able to throw a 4:38 mile at his pumers about the middle of a race and letting

them decide what they are going to do about it—not an easy matter after, say, 18 miles. Said Kenny Moore, Shorter's teammate at Munich and a late scratch at the Trials because of pneumonia, "He makes you pay for staying with him. He has the physical ability to run a burst and the emotional stability to hold the lead. For a lot of them, being in the lead is a great ordeal."

As it turned out this time there was no need for Shorter's midrace burst. Shorter and Rodgers had the race under control by the 15-mile mark and neither ever tried to break away. Their times at each of the five-mile checkpoints from 10 to 25 were identical.

"Our unspoken plan," said Shorter, sitting on the infield grass after the race, "was to run hard through the first 20 and ease off for the last six. The last six is what rigs you up, and if it is bad it can take you two or three months to get it back. This wasn't that tough." Despite the ease of his victory, Shorter seemed curiously pensive about his Olympic chances. "I'm only the third or fourth fastest in the world," he said.

It was not until, shoulder to shoulder, they came off the foot bridge that crosses the Willamette River, with less than a mile to go, and with a two- or three-minute lead over Don Kardong and Tony Sandoval, who had been hunting it out for third, that Rodgers began to drop off sharply with leg cramps. Going up Agate Street toward Hayward Field and the finish, Shorter, thinking that Rodgers was immediately behind him, was startled when he looked around to find his running mate had dropped 20 yards back. Shorter considered slowing up to encourage Rodgers but chose not to for fear that cramps might set in. "He suddenly found himself alone on the track and almost embarrassed," said Moore. "He looked like he might stop and urge Rodgers to hurry up. But Rodgers was by then beyond accelerating."

Rodgers' left leg was flailing sideways as he came onto the track. After one lap he reached the finish line in 2:11:58, seven seconds behind Shorter.

Lest anyone think that the Trial was the piece of cake Shorter made it look, it should be noted that of the 71 starters, each of whom had qualified with a 2:23 marathon or better within the last 13 months, only 49 finished. And of those, 29 had times higher than the qualifying standard, even though the course was nearly level and the weather was perfect. In some cases good runners who could have been contenders showed up in spite of illnesses and training-induced injuries, hoping for miraculous remission or merely to let thousands of miles of training go to waste. Gary Tuttle, for instance, one of the favorites for the third spot on the team, had been running 120 miles a week since December. On the Tuesday before the Trial, while he was jogging to work at his father's sporting goods store in Ventura, Calif., he suddenly pulled up with severe pain in his left ankle. The foot doctor who treated him said he may have torn the scar tissue from an earlier injury. "I think stress makes things happen that might not happen ordinarily," said Tuttle. "You get pneumonia like Kenny or tear things like me." Though he hobbled to Eugene anyway and was in 13th place after 10 miles, Tuttle was soon forced out. The same was true of Steve Hogg of Minneapolis, who ran a 2:11:54 at Boston last year but had been having sciatic nerve problems this year. He started, but could not finish.

A larger factor, though, is the high mortality rate on route, was the early pace. The leaders, Shorter bunched among them, reached the five-mile point in 24:41. At 10 miles the bunch had shrunk to three—Shorter, Rodgers and Barry Brown—and they were clocked in 49:35. "They're burning it up!" said Sam Bell of Indiana University, one of the assistant track and field coaches for Menlo Park, as he watched the leaders pass the Oregon football stadium on the first of the 11½-mile loops. At 15 miles Shorter and Rodgers passed the clocker in tandem at 1:14:26. The leaders had averaged sub-five-minute miles for 15 miles.

Brown, 32, hung on to third place for more than 20 miles but finally had to quit. Ed Mendoza, 22, of Arizona State, who ran the fastest 10,000 of the year at last month's Drake Relays, gave up at around 17 miles. Charlie McGuire of Penn State, another 10,000-meter man,



Rodgers (left) and Shorter, linked by spring track legs, staged a painful twin-man battle.

ran the fastest 10 miles of his life but dropped out at 20 to save his shirt for the 10,000 at the track and field Trials next month. "This will be my second and last marathon," he said. "I think marathoners are crazy."

Kardong, a former Stanford runner, the longest and lankiest of the starters at 6'3" and 150 pounds, and his friend, Tony Sandoval, a 22-year-old senior at Stanford, plotted their survival in the early going, laying back for the first 10 miles, running easily, keeping each other's spirits up, waving to friends, Kardong ebullient, Sandoval smiling diffidently.

As they passed the 10-mile mark Kardong was 26th and Sandoval was right behind him. They were still together at 15 but they had moved up some—Sandoval to 11th, Kardong to 12th. By 20 they were sixth and seventh. In the next mile, with a tremendous effort, Sandoval took third and Kardong moved into fourth. Their strategy had worked. They had beaten everybody else; now it was time to race each other.

It was between the 22nd and 23rd mile

that Kardong caught Sandoval and passed him, finishing in 2:13:54. Later, his green eyes filled with tears, Sandoval said, "He's really a good friend. I didn't chase him."

Nor did Kardong entirely relish the moment. "It was horrible when it finally came down to leaving him. I was just hoping we could catch Rodgers or Shorter."

Sandoval will continue running when he goes to medical school and in 1980 he will be 26. For Shorter and Rodgers, who are 28 and Kardong, 27, now is the time. "Tomorrow I'll jog 90 miles or so," said Shorter. "In four days I should be up to 20. In about five days I'll be able to do light intervals and in 10 days I should be back to the kind of workouts I was doing a week ago."

Rodgers hugged Jackie Hansen, the women's world-record holder, and postponed his retirement. Kardong, dripping sleepchase water, said, "I wanted to yell something at the end and I thought about what it would be for miles, but I couldn't think of anything, so I just threw up my hands."

END



HOUSE OF CARDS WORTH \$220,000

At the World Series of Poker, Jesse Alto (left) ended up with the look of a loser as Texas Dolly drew a "boat" full of 10s and lost on the last card

by PAT PUTNAM

On the sixth card Texas Dolly stared hard at Jesse Alto. Four cards face up and \$40,000 in gray \$500 chips lay stark against the green of the poker table. The four cards were the jack of diamonds, the 2 of hearts, the ace of spades and the 10 of diamonds, which had been the last to fall. The gamblers both had two hole cards. On the strength of his hidden cards—or was he bluffing?—Alto bet \$80,000. It was getting late: a warm dawn was about to break in downtown Las Vegas, and Alto's raise was all the money he had left in the game.

Texas Dolly sighed. "O.K., baby," he said. Hunching forward, his massive shoulders rolling inside his dark brown sport shirt, he began pushing forward \$20,000 stacks of gray chips. The bet was called, and there was one more card to be turned.

"What do you have, Jesse?" Texas Dolly asked. Because Alto had nothing left to bet, the hole cards could be turned over before the final one fell.

Alto flipped over an ace and a jack, both hearts. Matched with the four cards in the center of the table, they gave him two pairs, aces and jacks. His dark Lebanese face was blank.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEBORAH SHIMMANY

After six cards in the final hand, Alto's ace-jack in the hole, combined with the face-up cards in the center of the table, seemed sure to give him a winning two pairs. Then Texas Dolly's two pairs, 10s and 2s, became a full house when the club 10 fell as the final card.



"You've got me beat," Texas Dolly drawled. He revealed a 10 and a deuce, both spades. Another two-pair hand, but his pairs were too small. "Turn the last one over," he said looking across at the dealer. The dealer's right hand moved toward the deck.

Fifty-seven hours earlier, on May 14, 22 men had sat down at three tables in Binion's Horseshoe club, where \$1 million in \$10,000 bills is on display behind a thick shield of Plexiglas, to begin the Seventh Annual World Series of Poker. All but three were full-time gamblers; 13 of them were Texans.

Each man needed \$10,000 to sit in on the Series, and when a player's stake was gone, so was he. The last man left at the table would keep all the cash—\$220,000. The game was hold 'em, which is no less Texan than the Alamo, and all it takes to play it well are a gambler's nerve, the endurance of a cattle drover and a drunken cowboy's respect for money on Saturday night.

The rules of the game, a volatile variation of seven-card stud, are simple. After two cards are dealt face down to each player, bets are made. Then three cards, called the flop, are dealt face up in the middle of the table. More bets are made. The sixth and seventh cards also are dealt face up, with betting after each. The player puts together his best five-card hand, using his two hole cards and

the five community cards. Success is keyed to the bluff, armed robbery with an empty shotgun, and the trap, making your opponents think you are Corner Pyle when you really are the 1st Marine Division.

"Played for high stakes, poker is brutal," says Crandall Addington, one of the 13 Texans, but after a highly successful five-year tour playing gin rummy, no longer a full-time gambler. A handsome, balding man who favors diamond stickpins and hand-rolled Brazilian cigars, Addington greatly fattened his gin rummy winnings on the commodities market. He now deals in San Antonio real estate. "After half a million years of man hunting man, we now do it in a socially acceptable manner," he says. "We play poker for fortunes."

A small game hunter when not trapping two-legged prey at cards, Junior Whited spent most of his first 19 years picking cotton in Texas. A burly man with a wide, pleasant face, thick sideburns and his hair slicked back in a pompadour, he looks as though he belongs in a stock car streaking around a track in North Carolina. He bought his first shoes when he was 10 years old, and lost them the next week, shooting craps with a cousin. A few days later Whited and his cousin played again. The cousin went home naked. The next year, still shooting craps, Whited won a grocery store from his uncle. His mother made him

give it back. "It was just a little store," Whited says.

Never having spent a day in school, Whited taught himself to read and write. One of the country's top gin players, he can add a six-card point total in a flash; he has what Addington calls "the very precise, analytical reasoning of the successful high roller."

"Poker playing isn't knowing what you have," Whited says. "Anybody can know that. It's knowing what the other guy has. It's that, and selling your hand to make the most money. You have to analyze people. If they can be read, I'll do it sooner or later."

While explaining the essentials of his profession, Whited sat with his new wife Sue in the coffee shop of the Horseshoe. Soon they were joined by Sailor Roberts, a short, pudgy man, gentle and shy, with a quick, engaging grin. Other poker players say Roberts is the last great romantic in the world. They swear he has been known to borrow money to lend to a stranger with a hard-luck story. Or to give it to a female. If sick were money, Roberts would have to find another way to hold his bones together.

A year ago he won \$210,000 in the World Series of Poker. This year he is down on his luck, but staying cheerful. "Hey, things are looking up," he said. "Last night Amarillo Slim and I were betting on what time the 6 o'clock movie came on. He liked 6:30. I won that one."

continued

When the decisive card dropped 47 hours after the Series began, Addington sat with his regular partners for Texas Dolly. Then the winner cashed out.





A "trap" made if thumbs down for Preston.

"You gonna play?" Whitel asked him.

"I guess so. If I can borrow enough heavy money to stake me," Roberts said.

"Well, I've got \$2,000 of it for you," said Whitel.

"But you need it for your stake."

"No," Whitel said. "I've had this put aside to help you."

Born in Dallas and raised in San Angelo, Texas, Roberts learned to shoot dice when he was a 12-year-old caddy. After playing high school football, he spent the Korean War in the Navy. When he got out, he was a full-time gambler.

"I always wanted to do something other than gamble—almost anything else,"

he says. "But I was just too lazy."

For some time after the war Roberts and his dog Fluffy, a German shepherd, roomed with Texas Dolly, as the 300-pound Doyle Brunson is known. One day Roberts and Brunson were playing golf, with \$1,800 riding on the outcome. Brunson, then nearly a scratch player, was the winner.

"I'm a little short right now," Roberts said.

"That's O.K.," Brunson told him. "I'll just take your dog."

Another time the two gamblers were driving through Mexico. Roberts was impressed by the height of a nearby mountain. After a glance, Brunson dismissed it as an insignificant bump.

"Oh, yeah?" said Roberts. "If it's so little, I'll bet \$500 you can't climb it in an hour and a half."

"Stop the car," Brunson yelled. Forty-five minutes later he stood at the top, waving his coat wildly. "A case of bad hand-kapping," says Roberts.

While getting his degree in administration education at Hardin-Simmons, Brunson was one of the fastest collegiate mlers in Texas. He was also an outstanding basketball player who was closely scouted by the Minneapolis Lakers. Then, between his junior and senior years, a wall fell on his leg and broke it. It was the end of his athletic career.

Fourteen years ago he was felled again, this time by cancer. With his wife and Roberts he went to the M. D. Anderson Institute in Houston, where the cancer was cut away. His wife spent 12 hours a day at his bedside. Roberts was there the other 12.

When Brunson left the hospital, the cancer was gone. Before that he had been just a good poker player. Since then, he has become the finest (at least, after age flowed the legendary Johnny Moss). When you look cancer in the eye, flip over your hole cards and pick up the pot, any other game, no matter the stakes, has to seem like horseshoe. "He's a little hard to get the best of," says Roberts.

Another tough cookie is Amarillo Slim Preston, who won the 1972 World Series and became an instant international celebrity. Tall, slender and craggy handsome, he holds an open invitation to talk shows, played a bit part in the movie *California Split* and has written a popular book on how to play poker. "The book isn't worth a bar of soap," he says with the long-toned honesty that is typical of

professional gamblers. "But if people want to buy it, that's their business."

Aside from gambling, Preston's business is raising cattle and quarter horses on his 3,170-acre ranch near Amarillo. He leases out three other spreads. During his frequent absences from his ranch he does things like beat Minnesota Fats at pool played with a broom handle and defeat a Ping-Pong champion in a game of table tennis during which Coke bottles served as paddles.

"My wife says when a man works, he sweats. And when he sweats, he stinks," says Preston. "To please her, I try never to work. When I went into the Army in 1948, they sent me around the world as a goodwill ambassador. The only good will I created was for me. I broke every record in Europe shooting pool. Rumor has it that I was a pretty good-sized bookmaker in Texas. Rumor also has it that when Uncle Sam got interested, I got quickly disinterested. Rich men would rather beat me out of \$3 than beat another man out of \$10,000. But when they sit down to play, they always anticipate losing—and I never try to disappoint them. Most places when I show up to play, people start looking at their watches. All of a sudden they've got to take their old ladies to the market or their kids fell in a well."

"People would rather play me gin rummy because I only hit them once—at the end when we tie up the score. It's not as painful as poker. In poker you keep pounding and pounding."

Play had hardly begun at the Horseshoe when Whitel and Moss, two of the big favorites, began to find themselves on the wrong end of the pounding. With only \$10,000 at the start, it does not take a very long run of dull hole cards to knock even fast-rate gamblers from the game. This was Moss' 66th birthday, and just 2:55 into the game he was gone, the third man out.

By Sunday afternoon, after 10-hour breaks each night, the field had been reduced to eight. Preston was gone, a victim of bad cards and called bluffs. "I haven't seen a hand since I left Texas," he said as he settled into his new role as a TV color man.

It is the nature of poker that stronger players earn on the weakies—at first the untested and the unlucky, later those short on money. None of the eight who survived until the start of the final round of play was lacking in skill, but some were



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The whole car is a safety package, down to the padded key that fits into the ignition.

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Today, over 1100 Volkswagen dealers are committed to making sure your Rabbit lives a long, happy, carefree life.

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212 automobiles were considered.
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We at Volkswagen are proud to take our place next to the Mercedes-Benz 450 SE/SEL, the Porsche 911 Carrera, and the other fine cars chosen "The Best."

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New flavor discovery for 9 mg. tar MERIT achieves taste of cigarettes having 60% more tar.

Today there's a way to get real taste from a cigarette without high tar.

That's the report on a new taste discovery called 'Enriched Flavor.' A way to pack flavor—extra flavor—into tobacco without the usual corresponding increase in tar.

The cigarette packed with 'Enriched Flavor' is remarkable new MERIT.

And in tests involving thousands of smokers of filter cigarettes, the majority reported MERIT delivered more taste than five current leading low tar cigarettes having all the way up to 60% more tar.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, MERIT MENTHOL was reported to deliver as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough.

Now smoke the cigarette. MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

suffering from the shorts. The first to go was Bobby Baldwin, who began the day with only about \$5,000.

The next two—ex-Navy frogman Pug Pearson, the 1973 World Series champion, and Bert Rice—were soon taken out by Addington. With a pair of 5s in the hole, he baited a trap by merely matching the \$400 opening bet. So did five others, including Pearson, who had a jack-8 in the hole. Then Rice, with an ace-jack, raised \$2,000.

Shrugging, Pearson matched the raise and upped it \$3,400, all the money he had. When you are that low, you either make a move or the area in ensuing hands will eat up what is left. Alto called, Roberts matched the bet and Brunson dropped out of the hand.

The trap set, Addington looked across the table at his opponents and sprang it. He called and raised \$22,000, which was all he had left. Pearson called, Alto dropped out and Rice pushed in his remaining \$14,000. Roberts tossed in his cards.

A 5, which gave Addington three of them, a 9 and a jack fell in the flop. Now Pearson and Rice each had a pair of jacks to Addington's trips. Aside from the case jack, the only cards that could beat Addington were an ace-ace for Rice or an 8-8 for Pearson. The sixth card was a queen, the seventh was a 4. The pot was worth \$38,000, and Pearson and Rice were finished.

Escaping Addington's first trap, Roberts walked straight into a second. With five players left, the ante up to \$200 and the opening bet increased to \$800, Addington was dealt two queens in the hole. He covered the opening bet of \$900. Roberts checked his hole cards, saw an ace and a queen and raised \$3,000. All the other players had folded, but Addington still was content to bait his hook. He just met Roberts' raise. The flop came up jack-7-queen. Roberts bet \$3,000. "How much you got left?" Addington asked.

Roberts counted his chips. "Exactly \$27,700," he said.

Addington called the \$3,000 raise—then increased the bet by \$27,700. Snap. Roberts met the raise with the last of his chips, and the hole cards were turned over. Addington had three queens to Roberts' two. Roberts had just two chances: an ace-ace to give him a full house or a king-10 to give him a straight. It was about a 200-to-1 shot. The first card was a 5. The second didn't matter.

"To be very honest about it," Roberts said, "I just made a real bad play."

Now only four players were left. The survivors were Addington, Brunson, Tom Hufnagle, a young pro from Pittsburgh who impressed his opponents with his personality and potential, and Alto. Born in Mexico of Lebanese parents, raised in Haifa and a Texan since his early 20s, Alto was one of the three part-time gamblers in the field. He makes his living as an auto dealer in Houston.

Soon it was Addington's turn to fall. The ante had been increased to \$500, with the automatic opening bet—called "the force"—raised to \$1,000. Addington caught a queen-10 in the hole and, after Brunson checked, he bet \$5,000. Alto, with a queen-jack, called, and so did Brunson. Hufnagle folded. A queen-9-6 fell on the flop. At that moment Addington thought Alto had the best cards, and decided to play him into Brunson, who, he figured, had the weakest of the three hands. Addington bet all he had, \$22,000. Alto folded. One of the most aggressive bettors in the game, Brunson matched the raise. "At that moment I knew I had played the pot perfectly," Addington said later.

The sixth card was a 9, giving Brunson three of them. So much for perfection: Addington now needed a queen to win. The last card was a 4, and Brunson pulled in \$64,000.

"And then there were three," said Preston, who was watching the play.

Hufnagle grinned at him and said, "And I never thought I'd be one of them. What am I doing here?"

No sooner did he say that than he was pot there anymore. For Hufnagle, the end came at 3:32 a.m., about 56 hours after he had hit the table. With an 8-9, both hearts, in the hole, he checked. Brunson, with two diamonds, the jack and the 5, bet \$1,800. Hufnagle called. Alto folded.

Two hearts, the jack and the ace, and the 8 of diamonds came on the flop. That gave Brunson a pair of jacks and three diamonds. Hufnagle had a pair of 10s and four hearts. They had two cards still to play.

Brunson bet \$5,000, all that Hufnagle had left. With a small smile, Hufnagle pushed in his remaining chips.

The sixth card was the 4 of diamonds. Then a black deuce came, helping no one. "Oh, dear, he got me," Hufnagle said. "Two jacks are good."



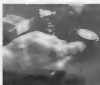
Credit: Al Addington was helped up by his legs.

Now just Jesse Alto and Texas Dolly Brunson were left sitting at the table.

The dealer removed the top card and tossed it away. That is called burning a card. In the World Series there is no room for chicanery. The dealer is a songplayer and receives no cut of the action. A joker covers the bottom card. And before any cards are turned after the hole cards have been dealt, the top card is burned. That eliminates any desire to mark a card. Before the sixth and seventh cards come off the deck, another card is burned. The dealer's hand returned to the deck. Alto was dead still. The 10 of clubs fell face up on the table, giving Texas Dolly his third 10, good for a full house of 10s over 2s, \$220,000 and the championship.

"Wow," said Texas Dolly. "Congratulations," said Alto. Thirty minutes later Alto was at another table, sitting down to a new game of hold'em. "Why not?" he asked. "I came to play. That game is over."

END



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OH, TO BE YOUNG AND 200 POUNDS

With Muhammad Ali about to take his last bow, a bunch of pretenders are being groomed for a shot at the crown

by MARK KRAM

Some people hunt all their lives for a Derby horse, while others may back an emerald expedition into an Expedition jungle or comb the world for other rare and wondrous objects. Of all such things, none has been more eagerly sought than that elusive species called the young heavyweight, who in the past did not mind being looked upon as a ringer; breathing was allowed, with talking permitted later. The last of this kind was the early Rocky Marciano, and no sightings have been reported since. To qualify nowadays, one must be well over six feet tall, weigh 200 or better, be 19 to 26 years of age, have the heart of an elephant, the jaw of a hippo and the humility of St. Francis of Assisi.

Right now the stage is being set for the appearance of the young heavyweights. Within a year or two the division will have been ripped asunder. Muhammad Ali will have been beaten or retired. The great Joe Frazier will have finally recognized that he has reached the end, something his heart will not now allow him to see. Ken Norton could be a full-time Hollywood plantation slave, and the confused George Foreman, his giant shadow already fading, will be only a big name for some kid to erase.

Put simply, the young heavyweight business is risky, yet the perks do not slow the search. The promoter Don King, suddenly estranged from Ali camp, dreams of a young heavyweight every

night, and has built a large gym and quarters near his Ohio farm in the expectation of finding one. Down in Houston, Hugh Benbow, who used to handle Cleveland Williams (badly), has built a \$30,000 gym. He lacks only a young heavyweights, he hopes a fly-white one, with a tattoo of a battleship across his chest, an eagle on one thigh and an ax on the other. Benbow means business.

The feverish search began with Ali and his Louisville backers, then came Joe Frazier and his Cloverly syndicate. But there have been some notable failures. For instance, there were the celebrated Jim Beattie and Buster Mathis. In 1962 Beattie answered a want ad for heavyweights placed by a New York restaurateur, who was deluged by applicants, among them a butcher, a hard-dresser and a circus strong man. But of this motley crew, the restaurateur chose Beattie: 6'8", handsome and innocent. In no time he became known as Kid Galahad. Beattie claimed that he had had 54 amateur bouts, and that he once punched a police horse between the eyes.

Beattie signed on at \$155.50 a week. It was not long before he was being chopped down like a redwood. His hypochondria, well hidden at first, became unmanageable. His trainer, Freddie Lerro, maintained that he would take eight or 10 pills a day. When he fought James J. Woods in 1965 he was like a palm frond in a heavy wind and lost on a 16-

rice knockout in the seventh round. His license was lifted after that one, but he came back a couple of months later—after being cleared by the Mayo Clinic—to be cut down by Buster Mathis, an Olympic Trials heavyweight winner, who would soon join Big Jim in obscurity. Mathis could become a victim of his own obesity—he always flirted around the 300-pound mark—and his backers were a troop of boy scouts with Brooks Brothers and Madison Avenue ideas who could not wait to get their hands on the heavyweight title.

Young heavyweights, says Paddy Flood, co-manager of the rising Johnny Headwaters, "are as unpredictable as some 3-year-old horses—and they cut a lot more." He adds, "They can break your heart. They can frustrate you to pieces, and you have to have the patience of a saint. You never know what's coming next. One punch and it can be all over. You never know what's going to happen to their hands, never know when the eyes will go. They rip open easier—be heavyweights. And they are much more difficult to handle than, say, a middleweight or lightweight. The lightweight champion can walk down the street, and nobody will even turn a head. But with a big, young heavyweights, he begins to get noticed after five fights. Then eyes build real fast, so fast that they start talking before their talent isn't nearly in full bloom."

There are roughly 300 heavyweights working at their trade now, most of them journeymen or what they call opponents—that is, fighters who aren't in there to win. Their paydays seldom are above \$2,000 and often are as low as \$500. Out of this 300, a handful will briefly achieve minor celebrity and then become modestly successful "victims," meaning that they will not bore the audience with their work, yet are no serious contenders.

Overwater Don Deems, 22, is the best New England prospect since Rocky Marciano.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEVIT





Prospector Dan King (left) has a piece of undefeated Larry Holmes, 25, whose speed and power (17 KOs in 22 fights) make him the most promising

YOUNG HEAVIE *continued*

ous threat to a kid on the way up. If a fighter is a "spoiler," there is a long time between meals, unless he works at another job. "Who needs a spoiler?" says Al Braverman, manager of John (Dino) Dennis, another up and coming heavy-weight. "Spoilers keep you awake all night. You run into one of 'em and it can be all over. You keep a kid away from 'em when he's on his way to being ranked."

Call that protection of one's property, a standard policy in the ring. "You got to make sure your kid has an edge going into each fight," says Braverman. "You can't get him knocked off, or get his confidence destroyed. When he becomes a name fighter, then it all changes. You still look for the edge, but sooner or later in the heavyweight division you got to put up or shut up." Even if they have the property, few managers are able to direct good young heavyweights as well as Braverman and Flood. From the old

school, with coarse language and thin walters, they have survived in the ring on their wits, and now at last they have come up with two of the top five stars of the future. Among those, the ranking might look something like this: 1. Larry Holmes, 2. Dino Dennis, 3. Johnny Rouseaux, 4. Duane Bobick, 5. Stan Ward.

By all standards, Holmes is the class of the young heavyweights and is currently listed as eighth in *The Ring* ratings. He is 26, stands 6'3" and weighs 230. He has a record of 22 straight victories, 17 by knockout. Up until he fought big Roy Williams, renowned for his meanness, it was difficult to fathom Holmes. His job was a singing arrow, the kind that can keep a big man away, and his hook off that job was without equal. His hand speed was excellent, his legs were those of a ballroom dancer; he seemed to be the best prospect to come along since Joe Frazier. He still is, but there was something lacking in his work against Williams. It was a nice snappy job, but it was mostly "point" work done from far out of range.

It suggested that he had been somewhat intimidated by big Roy. It also gave his critics more evidence of his "lack of heart."

That, of course, is an old slam in boxing, usually made when a detractor does not know what else to say. "I got more heart than's good for me," says Holmes. "I go up against a mountain slide." His manager Richie Giachetti, an old Cleveland hand, winner at Holmes' puerile comment; he does not want Holmes to go out and try to prove his bravery. "That's how you end up as an opponent," he says, thinking of the \$30,000 tied up in Holmes. "Listen, all young fighters get wary now and then. It comes from inexperience. When the time comes, Larry will be there. Now, you got to be careful. The stakes are high." Holmes says he is ready for Foreman or Norton, but first wants a couple of good rugged bouts. The fighter he wants next is Bobick. "He's made to order for me. I want that bad boy."

Behind Holmes is the best heavyweight

to come out of New England since Marciano. The 6'3", 210-pound Dennis is undefeated in 28 fights and has 14 knockouts. Born in Trieste and raised in Attleboro, Mass., Dennis, 23, is the perfect young heavyweight—mentally. He listens carefully, absorbs instructions and has an even temperament. "Young heavyweights become head cases quickly," says Braverman, "but with Dino, never a problem. The only thing we got to teach him is not to lose his cool."

Co-manager Eddie Ironetti, an auto dealer, has sunk roughly \$25,000 into Dennis, and he appears to be a bargain so far. Dennis has the instincts of a fighter. He knows how to go to war and he has the special quality of reaching back for the last reserve when he is hurt or tired. Technically, he is still deep into the learning process, but he has much promise. He will have to learn to punch better, to work on his combinations, as well as gain better control of his upper body movement. "Right now," Dennis says, "I haven't filled out physically. That will come, and when it does, I'll be ready." Ranked 10th in the U.S. by *The Ring*, Dennis says he is "a year or so away."

Johnny Boudreaux, 22, of Houston, appears to be the best boxer of the group. Few heavyweights in recent memory have his hand speed. He has not been beaten in 21 fights (nine knockouts) and he has beaten some tough opposition. In his 11th fight, he whipped Scrap Iron Johnson, a rugged veteran. Standing 6'3" and weighing 231, Boudreaux is rated sixth by *The Ring*. Before turning pro, Boudreaux was a two-time National AAU finalist. His trouble has been a dearth of good sparring partners and a lack of aggressiveness. He seldom makes a fight. "He needs to become meaner," says co-manager Flood, "and he slips too much with his punches. All these guys, including Holmes, have the same problem. They don't step in to punch. But you can learn that in time. There is an old saying: step in, and step out of trouble; step back, step into trouble. But Johnny's smart. And he knows how to use a ring."

Boudreaux's other manager, Robert Bish, has had him since Boudreaux was 14. A Sears Roebuck salesman, Bish has poured \$30,000 into Boudreaux's career. "I'll tell ya," says Flood, who was just brought in to move Boudreaux, "the ring gets into your blood, and it's worse than heroin. It takes money and time. And all

these guys don't have the money behind them like Duane Bobick."

Bobick, the golden boy from Minnesota, the Olympic star who fell, is the best known young heavyweight. His contract was purchased by Joe Frazier, and he was given a \$20,000 bonus to sign. He has money behind him as well as one of the best teachers in the business, Eddie Fatch. The result has been 35 straight wins, with 30 knockouts. But Bobick has obvious weaknesses: he's a plodder who has all the signs of becoming a catcher; he tries to fight too much like Joe Frazier, which is not natural to him; he cannot jab at all, has a mediocre left hook and only a fair right hand; his punching, too wide and slow, can be picked up from a block away.

Another top prospect is Ward, of Sacramento, Calif., who is working toward his master's in psychology at Sacramento State College. He is 25, 6'3" and weighs 228. He has had seven fights, won five and had draws with Boudreaux and the foxy Pat Duncan; Mac Fosse, a fairly recent contender, is among those he has

beaten. He is a hard biter with promise.

If one heavyweight could have all their assets and none of their shortcomings, he would be truly a rare and wondrous find. As it is, since they are young, uncertain and still not physically mature—the big men always seem to mature late—who really knows what the future holds for these fists. Ahead of them could be a woman, or lots of women who will turn their minds, or their bodies might float off to the sound of too many right songs. "Maybe," says Paddy Flood, "none of these guys will make it. Maybe there's some ago out there in the woods somewhere dropping big trees with an ax."

After having seen Holmes and most of the others, one still comes away feeling much like Rocky Graziano did when he was training in the woods. The fresh air, the scent of wild flowers would drive Rocky to mad silence. And as each morning dawned he would become wild when being awakened by the sound of a crowbird.

"I hate to put the knock on anybody without seeing him," Rocky would say, "but I think it is a blizzard." **END**

Undefeated in 21 fights, Johnny Boudreaux is a rilly boxer but he "needs to become meaner."





GETTING CAUGHT IN A CALL SQUALL

There was trouble right there in Anna, Ill. when Charlie Sullivan showed up with his complicated contraption. He lost some friends in winning the state duck-calling contest, but he had plenty to crow about **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

Sometimes, at evening, there occurs a sound so mournful and haunting that Willard Cunningham's cattle stop whatever it is they are doing and direct baleful stares at the big ranch house on the hill. If the cows had hackles, they would be standing up straight.

Even as they glower, the first sound is followed by a hoarse, reedy wail. A moment later, an equally plaintive call, this one accompanied by the beating of wings, raps out in reply. As the curious dusk continues, the cows begin to low in the fields—a veritable pastoral symphony. Finally, Willard Cunningham pockets his wooden duck call and walks back into the house on the hill.

"I'm raising me some wild mallards out back there," he says quietly. "Sometimes of an evening we'll get to talking back and forth like that. A feller can learn a lot from those ducks."

The 260-acre Cunningham farm lies on what might ordinarily be described as the outskirts of Anna, Ill. (pop. 4,766). However, the fact of the matter is Anna is almost all outskirts. That is not to say that it is indistinguishable from other small towns in southern Illinois. Anna has a state mental hospital, though no one talks about it much, and it is the site of the Union County Sportsmen's Club, which everyone talks about. The reason for this civic pride is that duck callers, goose callers, crow callers, turkey callers and coon squallers come to the club from all over Illinois each October to participate in the state duck, goose, crow, etc. championships. And a duck-calling

win in Anna qualifies you for the world championships in Stuttgart, Ark., which is the whole ball of wax. If you don't think duck calling is important, ask Willard Cunningham's wife Mary. "It is a way of life with Willard," she says. "It's what he lives for."

Last October, however, something happened that so thoroughly upset Willard Cunningham, so changed the nature of his world, that he could think of little else for several weeks. Even now, Cunningham gets riled all over again when he thinks about the awful thing that Charlie Sullivan did. Charlie Sullivan, with whom Cunningham had gone to electrical school and whom he counted among his friends, had chosen the state duck-calling contest—the state duck-calling contest—so unveil the most odious contraption that Willard had ever seen.

It was—and when Cunningham describes the duplicity there is an edge to his voice—an eight-piece duck call, fashioned after those yammering one-man bands that disappeared about the same time Ted Mack became a Geritol pitcher. Around his neck Sullivan had a brace upon which three calls were mounted, each tuned differently; in either hand he held a pair of shaker calls; there was even one call underfoot, operated by a bellows.

Not only did Sullivan's sonic armament shock and offend the sensibilities of the other competitors, but it also enabled him to win first prize. And so Sullivan with his instrument vile was the Illinois representative in the World's Championship Duck-Calling Contest.

"Of Charlie sorts sprung the thing on

everybody without warning," recalls Cunningham. "Before anybody could figure out what to do about it, the judges had awarded him first place. But that thing's not practical. No place for it is the art of duck calling. The idea is to sound like one mallard hen, but that conglomeration of his sounds like 300 ducks feeding in a cornfield."

Two handed ducks! Imagine! Never mind the ducks. Imagine the Cunningham cows confronted and assailed by Sullivan's contraption.

Sullivan himself concedes that his invention is meant to make the judges sit up and take notice, and is not for hunting. "Everybody who's ever been in a calling contest knows it's not the same as field calling," he says. "All I did was take it one step further. I've heard enough contests to know that after you sit there and listen to 15 guys try to sound like a duck, pretty soon they all start to sound alike. I wanted something that would add a little color to the competition, and it did—all red."

To appreciate the introbigo that ensued, it is necessary to understand that the people who run duck-calling contests don't cotton to anyone who tries to play fast and loose with them. "I went against tradition with my multi-call," says Sullivan, "and that's the same as breaking faith with those of 'em boys."

If Sullivan had fooled them once and stolen the state title that rightfully belonged to Willard Cunningham (who, it should be noted, finished second), he was not destined to get the same opportunity at the world championships in Stuttgart. Willard saw to that. A few days after his humiliating defeat, he composed a letter

Sullivan is not a one-man band, he is just manipulating his multi-call to cue a feed.

to the world rules committee that told all. Until recently Sullivan called his ex-cousmate friend "Willard the Rat."

The World's Championship Duck-Calling Contest is one of those exercises in provincialism that gets its name not from any discernible international competition, but because the word "world" has a nice belt to it. Hold the World's Championship Duck-Calling Contest in Kuala Lumpur or Pago Pago and you will quickly discover what a small world it is.

And judging a duck-calling contest is as esoteric an art as judging Olympic figure skating, which is to say extremely subjective and fraught with peril for the caller who is unskilled in the art of making the judges happy. In 1959 a respected Louisiana caller named Raleigh Newman boycotted the Stuttgart competition because he believed he would be required to prostitute his art in order to win. "What they want may sound good to the judges," said Newman, "but it wouldn't fool any ducks." The Stuttgart Chamber of Commerce repisted by sending Newman a parcel of pecans with a note reading, "We hope you especially enjoy this item, and many more nuts to you."

So when the world contest's rules committee received Willard Cunningham's letter enumerating the evils of Sullivan's device, some members of the panel were not at all pleased. Chairman W. B. Stephens informed Sullivan in no uncertain terms that he would not be allowed to use his new call in the competition. "We are not going to turn this event into a laughingstock," Stephens said.

Sullivan dutifully entered with one call, turned in a desultory performance and went home empty-headed. Observers who had seen and heard his triumph in Illinois said the Stuttgart performance was what one might expect from Jascha Heifetz if they took away his violin and made him play the ukulele. "I don't think the duck-calling world is ready for me yet," said Sullivan as he climbed into his car and headed back to Illinois.

It is a tribute to Sullivan's dedication to his art that for six months of every year he takes leave from his father's electrical contracting company where he works to go hunting and hunking in the fro-hardeneds fields of Williamson County, near his home in Johnston City, Ill. Partly because the financial dividends from these enterprises are not great, and

partly because he cannot bear to part with it, he drives a '65 Ford Falcon that he calls "The Bomb." For several readily apparent reasons. Once Sullivan left The Bomb parked overnight in a bowling alley parking lot, and when he returned the next day it was gone. "Towed away for scrap," he says evenly. "I bought it back from the junk man for \$30, so now I've got the only car in Williamson County that doubles in value every time I fill the tank with gas. Worth \$10 empty, \$20 full."

Sullivan, his wife Dorothy and their three children live in a small house near the town's high school, so there are always teen-agers milling around in front of the house. Sometimes he will call geese for them. Other times he will do his goose calls at 5 a.m. in his backyard, a practice that has not endeared him to his neighbors.

Sullivan is comfortable in Johnston City, home of the Show Bar, once a mecca to pool hustlers, including Rudolph (Minnesota Fats) Wanderone. Yet at night Sullivan lies barjo-eyed in bed and visualizes himself in Hollywood, where he dreams of becoming the next Tom Mix. "If they ever need somebody to call a goose in a cowboy movie, I'm their boy," he says. While he waits in the wings, he soothes himself with speaking engagements at Rotary luncheon, hunting clubs and one notable performance on a Chicago TV talk show. "They put me on with a singing taxi-cab driver, a professional junk collector and a man who played the musical water sponge," he says. "I didn't want to seem like an oddball, so I acted just as crazy as everybody else." He has a way of talking with his whole face at once, and when he launches into one of his monologues on What Goose Calling Means to Me, he is careful never to use one word when a dozen will do.

What distinguishes Sullivan from the rank and file of water fowl callers is his single-minded sense of artistic mission. Hunkered down in a 10' x 5' goose pit, he surveys the sky, gauges the wind speed and direction and slowly, ever so slowly, begins to rusk like a goose. Charlie Sullivan is to goose calling what Brando is to acting... a Method hunk.

"When I'm out in that pit," he says, "I feel like I'm putting on a personal performance for those hunters. I get myself so tuned in to the mind of the bird that that's all I'm thinking about.

It's sorta scary. When I'm laying it all on the table for them geese, man, I am a goose. When I'm hunkin' to bust a gut and they're hunkin' back at me, it seems like me and those geese are as one. It's cool. That's the only way I can describe it."

Any day now, Charlie Sullivan fully expects destiny to sneak up behind him, grab him by the scruff of the neck and make him a cowboy movie star. He even professes a willingness to endorse products suited to his talents. "With the throat I got," he says, "I could do a cough-drop commercial that wouldn't quit."

Still, the biggest gun in Sullivan's arsenal of calls is not for ducks or geese; it is his coon squall, the sound of a raccoon and a dog locked in mortal combat. Hunters use it to get a treed coon to look into their lights so that they can shoot its lights out. The squall is Sullivan's show-stopper, the one that leaves his audiences gasping. It sounds like this: "RRROOWWWWRRR! Whuh! Whuh! RRROOWRR! Hraawf, whoof, whoof! RRRRRRRROOWWWWRRRRRR!"

There is something positively lyrical about the complex coon squall, a ferocious, guttural howl that diminishes even the best chamber-of-horrors sound effects by comparison.

Sullivan has won six national coon-squalling titles in the past seven years, and claims that his nose-pinching, cheek-kneading technique has been widely copied. Yet despite his pioneering development of the multi-call for ducks, he cackles mechanical coon squallers for the more artistically satisfying mouth technique. Mechanical squallers "sound like somebody blowin' their nose," he says.

Stopping Charlie Sullivan, coon-squalling champion and duck-calling outcast, could become a full-time job, and no one who has tried it has had any measurable success yet. The officials who run the Illinois duck-calling contest are rewriting their rules to prevent him from blowing his revolutionary eight-piece call this year, but he has secured an invitation to strut his stuff at the national contest next fall in Little Rock, Ark. "Then dudes can rewrite all the rules they want, but they can't stop me. I'm just like a big, mean old coon. Feisty as hell. RRROOWWWWRRR! Whuh! Whuh! Whuh! RRRRRROOWWWWRRRRRR!"



The Indy 500

The following 28 page advertising section contains photographs, information and anecdotes about the incredibly talented professionals who assemble each year to create and produce "the Indy 500."

The Professionals

The late afternoon shadows of the grandstands stretch across the track in Turn Four and form an eerie pattern on the race car that dashes under them. Out of the shadows and down the front straightaway, at over 200 miles an hour, the car is up high, near the wall in One, then down off the turn and into the short chime.

It is a practice day in May and thousands of pairs of eyes are on the sleek racer as it makes another lap and comes into the pit. The red light is on. The track is officially closed for the day and the professionals at pitside begin the task of folding up shop. The mechanics get away their tools, the pit crews wheel starting apparatus back to the garages and the drivers head for the showers and the nearby motel. That night they will all redrive, rewatch and restart every car and every lap of the day, because, to a man, they are professionals.

In fact, the Indianapolis 500 may bring together more professionals than any sporting event in the world—an incredible array of talent formed from an apprenticeship that was both lengthy and demanding.

This professionalism is evident from the moment a race car idea is conceived. Ace Mechanic George Bignotti, for instance, the man who has won Indy more times than any other mechanic, draws on more than 20 years of race car experience to determine exactly what kind of car he wants to design and precisely what he expects it to accomplish.



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Where do you start in designing and building a race car? Well, Bignoni—and most others—begin by sketching their ideas on paper until they have roughly what they want in terms of height, width and aerodynamics. Then they turn it over to a draftsman to perfect. The draftsman brings the idea to blueprint stage and then the mechanics lift out all the small parts and send them out to machine shops to be made.

While they are waiting for the machine shop parts, the fabricators start the work of building and shaping the monocoque "tub" to which the body panels will be attached. It is no longer a shoestring operation. Bignoni's garage, for instance, is a modern, sprawling complex that could be a small manufacturing plant or a National Guard armory.

It hasn't always been that way. Every mechanic can remember the days when the whole thing was a back-alley hi-and-miss affair; when work was often delayed until there was enough money to buy a magenta or some other part. Not today. If you don't have a large budget and a team of professionals you simply can't compete.

"First you find out how much money the boss has," says successful car-builder A. J. Watson. "Because the more money you have the faster you go." Simple.

"I mean, if you have a lot of money you buy a lot of new things, because there are some fantastic items available today to help you go faster," he says.

Another trackside sage put it this way: "Once it was strictly cubic inches. Today it is cubic dollars."

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"It's progressed to a fine art," Watson says. "And the race car has changed so much. Take the bodies, for instance. Now it's just sheet metal and rivets. Like an airplane. Why, I didn't even hire a body man for this year's car. I did it myself."

Watson stood at the angular and abbreviated sheet metal form covering his 1976 racer. He was slightly nostalgic as he spoke of the old front-engined roadsters. "Listen, I can remember when you had to build a chassis and

then add the whole thing out to have a body formed. But those were bodies. You remember that," he says, shaking his head.

"Everybody we have working on the Patrick Racing Team is a pro," Bignotti says, "or they wouldn't last long. I mean, we built last year's cars just like every other year—from the ground up—and they did pretty well [both Gordon Johncock and Wally Dallenbach held commanding leads in the 1975 race before retiring because of broken parts].

This year's cars will even be better."

"We've designed new uprights for the suspension and wishbones and lower radius rods. Everything. And the tests indicate they're right," Bignotti says. "As far as the design of the body is concerned, we think it's better than ever. It has to be because since The United States Auto Club cut the blower pressure in the manifold down to 75 inches it is quite evident that we had to have a more slippery car, so we just built one that was lower and sleeker."



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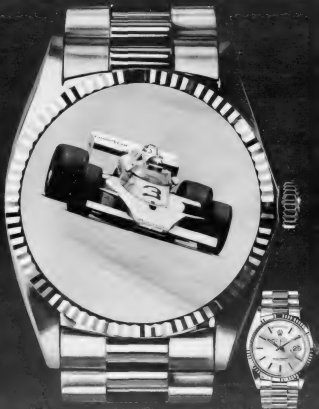
A lot of car builders actually put their body designs in wind tunnels to test the aerodynamic—or "slippery", as they say trackside—characteristics. Others, like Watson, mount the wing on top of a pick up truck and go out and drive around like mad to see how much drag they have and how much down force it produces. But whatever method they use, they study it. Nothing is left to guess.

As for engines, not all the mechanics accept even the Offenhauser at face value, despite the fact that it has been winning Indy races longer than most of them are old. In 1973 Bignotti, for instance, designed a complete new block for the Offy he wanted to use. It had a different stroke, bore and height. In 1975 he redesigned it and it was so good that Drake Engineering, who builds the engine, has about 30 of them



on hand this year.

How do you improve on one of the most successful and time-tested engines in history? Easy, says Bignotti. "I just went to Leo Gosson at Drake and said 'look, I want to change the engine,' and we sat down and discussed what it was I wanted changed. After three or four sessions we made up some drawings and I okayed them and they built it."

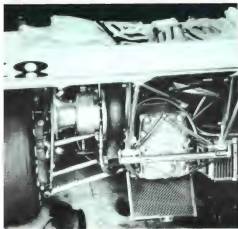


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Of course it helps if your cars have won the 500 six times, but it also points to the skill that is required to wrench a car at Indy. Because Bignetti is the rule rather than the exception.

The business of professionalism is never more evident if you watch an Indy driver come zinging out of a turn at the Speedway. The skill and coordination required is incredible. The training it took to get there is extensive.

Most of the drivers began on little, dusty tracks in their hometowns and, after they had won everything there was to win there, they graduated to something a little tougher. Then tougher. But always the dream of Indianapolis—the Mecca—was with each and every one of them. And with scores who never made it.

The question around the pits at Indy is an old as the race itself: Which comes first, the driver or the mechanic? Nobody has ever successfully answered it, but all will agree that a good driver-mechanic combination is hard to beat. Sometimes impossible.

For one thing, they complement one another. If a good race driver goes out to test what the mechanic has done he can tell after a few laps whether or not the car is set up right for his style; if it needs a different weight distribution—to lessen pushing or plowing, two conditions that are a result of improper car balance. Or he can tell the mechanic if he needs a different combination of engine tuning to give him more power coming off the corners or a quicker

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Pitstop conferences between driver and mechanic often are productive speedwise; just as often they are heated because temperament of both highly-skilled driver and mechanic is similar. But somehow they always seem to get it put together by race day.

Unlike most sports where the mid-thirties marks the end of a personal career, auto racing in recent years seems to have evolved into one where

seasoned veterans keep going on and on. Practically all of the stars of the sport are in their late 30s or early 40s, which is rather unusual since the sport demands so much physically of its competitors. One driver, for example, reports that he loses as much as 15 pounds during the course of an Indianapolis 500; another says that it takes him two or three days to relax his neck, arms and shoulders after the 500.

But the drivers are in good condition and they work hard to keep that way.

They all work out to one extent or another—not so much with heavy weights because a driver doesn't have to build up big, bulky muscles. Most of them use less weight and more repetition to their exercise patterns, giving them a more enduring strength, which is what they need. They drive for a long time at Indy and they need fantastic endurance in their shoulders, forearm, grip, triceps and back.

Pat Vidan is the starter at Indy, the man who waves the green flag to start



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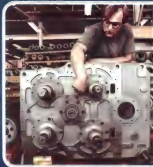
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the race, flags every signal during the race and ends it with the checkered flag. He has been doing it a long time now. Pat Vidan also runs a health studio in Indianapolis and a lot of the drivers come to him for help in mapping out an exercise program.

"I usually recommend an upright roll," Vidan says. "I have them hold a long barbell, with the grip right in the center, and have them bring the barbell up close to their body and up under their chin, with the elbows above the bar and extended up. This works the trapezius muscles in their neck and the deltoid, which is right on the end of the shoulder," he says.

"They have to work the neck and the tricep," Vidan says. "We work on the tricep because if it is not conditioned and it gets weak it will, in turn, make the whole arm weak. And a race driver needs strong arms and a strong neck. You know, everybody thinks of the bicep [the muscle on top of the upper arm] as the important one, and it may be if you're going to do certain things, but the tricep [underneath the arm] is the important one to a race driver."

"If their arms start to get tired then the back muscles start to go and, as the race progresses, they get weaker and weaker, so the drivers try to work on the entire upper body. They don't ignore a muscle," Vidan says.



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Some of the drivers have to improvise when they are at Indy for most of the month of May because they don't have their weights there. Some use five-gallon deep cans filled with water for weights, others use crankshafts as dumbbells, but most of them work out daily.

USAC requires annual eye, ear and reflex tests at Indianapolis, but you can bet the drivers would be there anyway, because they are more concerned with things like vision, hearing and reflexes

than any other group of athletes. It only stands to reason that if you drop a pun or miss a free throw the worst consequence you might face is the wrath of an irate coach, but misjudge a turn at, say, 190 miles per hour and it could be serious, if not fatal.

As for diet, most drivers try to stay on a high protein diet and they try to keep their weight down. In a race car that weighs about 1600 pounds, a driver of 250 pounds is giving away a lot to a driver who only weighs 150 pounds.

So Vidan recommends steaks and high protein foods. And right before a race he suggests to the drivers that they eat a chocolate bar or some pure honey for quick energy, because they need "lots of it" for the 500-mile grind.

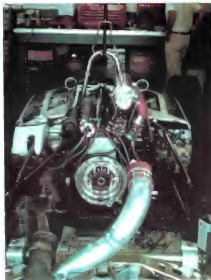
"Condition is vital," says 1974 winner Johnny Rutherford. "If a driver is not in condition and he knows it, he tightens up and grips the wheel that much harder as he tries. And fatigue sets in that much quicker. You have to learn to relax and still stay on top of it."

 1953 Bill Vukovich	 1954 Bill Vukovich	 1955 Bob Sweaback	 1956 Pat Flaherty
 1957 Sam Hanks	 1958 Jimmy Bryan	 1959 Rodger Ward	 1960 Jim Rathmann
 1961 A. J. Foyt, Jr.	 1962 Rodger Ward	 1963 Parrell Jones	 1964 A. J. Foyt, Jr.
 1965 Jim Clark	 1966 Graham Hill	 1967 A. J. Foyt, Jr.	 1968 Bobby Unser
 1969 Mario Andretti	 1970 Al Unser	 1971 Al Unser	 1972 Gordon Johncock
 1973 Johnny Rutherford	 1974 Bobby Unser		

Monroe has been testing and racing shocks at Indy since 1951. And it's paid off. 22 of the last 23 Indy winners rode Monroe to the bricks. Not a bad record. And in the last two years, all the drivers rode Monroe. That's even better. And this year, we expect the same story. America rides Monroe. On Memorial Day. On every day.

Indy rides Monroe. Again.

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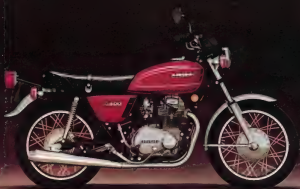
If you grip the wheel too tight then the forearms get tense, and then the fatigue goes up into the arms and the back and the shoulders and pretty soon you're exhausted all over. That's when your lap speeds go down, or even worse, you make a mistake."

Once the race car is set and the driver is conditioned, it is up to a lot of suppliers to deliver safety and even more speed, in the form of stronger-than-highway products.

Scores of companies turn engineers and technicians loose on the problems drivers might face during the arduous 500 miles, and, through laboratory and actual track testing, they come up with spark plugs and shock absorbers and oils and a host of other items engaged to do the trick.

Tires are obviously the most critical item and a flock of engineers, designers and compounders are assigned to the race beat each year to work out the problems and supply the best race rubber.

The construction of a racing tire would probably astound the average tire buyer. What does it take to build a tire that will last the entire 500 miles if necessary, at speeds nearly four times as fast as the 55 mph limit we are all used to? Well, for starters, the tires aren't super thick and heavy as one



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might expect. They are this and extra light. Another surprising fact: they don't have the latest tread designs we hear about on television. In fact, they don't have any tread design at all.

They have to be thin, engineers say, to rapidly dissipate heat, which is a race tire's greatest enemy. And the lack of tread design gives them added traction on a dry track (tread is for wet pavement and they don't race in the rain at Indy).

Tire tests at Indy begin long before

the race and involve a number of top drivers and cars, who bolt on the test tires and then, after numerous laps, tell the engineers exactly what they think of them as compared to the previous year's tire.

Engineers begin by establishing last year's tire as the base line—a control tire. They have both compound test tires and design test tires, as many as 100 sets, and they go through them all, a set at a time, until they find the ones that give the best speed. Next come the

long runs on the faster sets to make sure they hold up for extended periods, and if they do, a new race tire is born.

There are times, however, when it is not as simple as selecting the faster tire. Sometimes a tire that is three or four miles an hour slower actually feels better, so the engineers and the crew of the race car "dial" the tires in to the car, which is a process of transferring weight around the car—jacking weight, the drivers say. With this maneuver they might come up with the proper



A round up of America's cherished homes.

All but one of these homes is a treasured landmark today. But back when they were built, temperature control was crude at best.

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combination to make the tire faster. They already have determined it is safer.

But the track test is not really the beginning. It all starts on the drawing board back at the plant, usually right after the Indy 500 is over. Tire engineers take the current tire and begin improving on it for the following year.

Weeks and months of planning and paperwork and in-house testing on small batches of compound rubber and samples of design precede all track testing.

There are as many as 35 lab tests on the compound and over 200 separate quality control inspections on the completed race tire before it reaches the track.

There are abrasion, tear, heat-resistance and creep tests and a lot of others where they take small samples of the compound and twist, pull, heat, scuff, pound, grummet and, generally, torture them until it fails. All of this reaction is measured with sophisticated instruments that tell them how the compound will react down the front chute at Indy on race day.

The tests are exacting. So exacting, in fact, that nearly 80 percent of the compounds tested are scrapped, not before they reach the first turn, but before they even reach the tire-builders and their battery of inspections and safety checks. The compounds that pass end up as test tires and go through the whole array of quality control and safety inspections. The final inspection is an X-ray to detect possible internal flaws. If they pass everything they are stamped "OK," and then they are ready for the track test.

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around you. And discover
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"There are fewer dramatic breakthroughs today," says Goodyear Racing Director Leo Muhl, whose company is the only one in the business of making Indy tires. "We've reached a high plateau of speed, but we will keep on testing so that we can give the driver the fastest and safest tire possible. If we only pick up half a mile per hour, you can bet it will be a safe half-mile," he said.

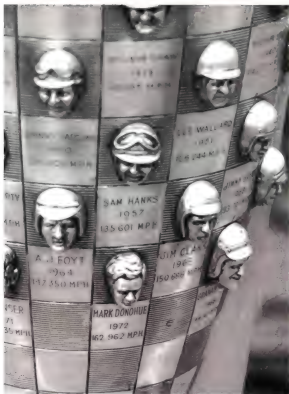
Elsewhere throughout the country there are other companies that are straining their products in manners that would rival medieval torture chambers. Spark plugs are subjected to extreme tests, shock absorbers are stretched and pounded to destruction, bearings are pushed to unnatural stresses.

So when Pat Vidan drops the green flag on this year's Indianapolis 500 you can be sure that everything is in prime condition—the driver, the car, the products, the innovations, the aerodynamics. Everything.

Old-timers say that the 500 miles at Indy is equal to more than 100,000 miles of ordinary driving, so the drivers out there on May 30 will be putting the equivalent of two lifetimes on the average family car. And, at times, they will be doing it at four times the speed. Little wonder Indianapolis is the world's capital of motor sports. □

By Bill Neely





7 reasons (and more) to buy a new Coleman ...even though the old one hasn't worn out.

Sure, hardly anyone ever throws away an old Coleman lantern (or a Coleman stove). Some of 'em have been around for twenty years or more.

And even though today's Coleman gear looks the same — surprise, it's even better!

For instance, over the past few years we've made seven helpful improvements in our lantern. Among them, it pumps easier than ever. An improved generator lasts longer, with less maintenance. There's a tough automotive-type finish outside. And an interior coating of space-age epoxy that fights rust. We've even printed the

instructions on the lantern for added convenience.

But there are even better reasons. After all, think of all the ways you can use a second Coleman lantern. Take it nightfishing while the other is back in camp with your wife. Throw more light around any campsite. Keep an extra one handy in case of power failure. You can come up with dozens of other good reasons for a new lantern...or stove. Just think about it.

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WICHITA, KANSAS



After years of pain, Jim Lonzberg of the Phillies is well and winning

A gentler style for a gentleman

One day last fall Phillies Righthander Jim Lonzberg called his wife Rosie and asked her how she would feel if he bought a lumberyard. Lonzberg believed that the building industry might improve, and he knew all indications were that his pitching shoulder would not. He was convinced his baseball career was over. As it turns out, the building industry is still way down, but Lonzberg's career is way up. His shoulder has recovered so completely that, far from being washed up, Lonzberg has become the most effective starter in the National League. With a 5-3 victory over the Mets last week, he ran his record to 6-6. And it is not only that unblemished record that is making Lonzberg exultant. When he wakes up the morning after pitching a game, he cannot believe how good he feels, how free from pain and stiffness his right shoulder is.

Painfulness has been a rare sensation for Lonzberg the last eight years. He has been injury-prone ever since December 1967, when he tore the ligaments in his left knee in a skiing accident. That mishap almost ended his career after two losing years with the Red Sox and a brilliant 1967 season in which Boston won the pennant and the 25-year-old Lonzberg had a 22-9 record and earned the Cy Young Award.

At that time he was known for his fast-ball and his elegant manner off the field. Gentleman Jim, the press called him, and it was constantly pointed out that he dressed well, went to the symphony and was a Stanford graduate who had planned to become a doctor. Unassuming and debonair, Lonzberg was a sought-after bachelor who could not decide what was more important in baseball, winning lots of games or making lots of money.

He is 34 now, and still very much Gentleman Jim. But his elegance has been tempered, and his pitching has become more subtle. His emphasis now is not on speed, but on location. In the four years after his skiing accident, Lonzberg had a 27-29 record for the Red Sox and was twice sent to the minors. In 1972, Boston traded him to Milwaukee, where the pitching coach was Wei Stock. Lonzberg credits Stock with helping him develop his current style, which relaxes heavily on

pinpointing the ball down and away and changing speeds.

Still, when Lonzberg was sent to the Phillies at the end of 1972, he had yet to gain full mastery of his breaking ball. To the rescue came Philadelphia Pitching Coach Ray Rippelmeyer, who recommended a small adjustment—that Lonzberg bring his hand a little closer to his head as he made his deliveries. Lonzberg's curve showed immediate and dramatic improvement, and his slider, by his own estimate, became twice as effective. In fact, Lonzberg links his resurgence directly to that pitch. He feels that he could throw nothing but sliders to right-handed batters for an entire game and probably win.

Gentleman Jim's bachelor days ended in 1970 when he married Rosemary Freney. The changes in his life-style have not been as dramatic as the modification in his pitching style; despite his reputation when he was with the Red Sox, Lonzberg had never been a man of extremes. He has cut out concerts and no longer takes two-week burning trips. Now his idea of

a really fine time is staying at home with Rosie and his 19-month-old adopted daughter Phoebe. In 1974 he took up Transcendental Meditation and kept at it regularly for a year and a half. Then he began to resent the daily loss of 40 minutes—20 in the morning, 20 in the evening—of family time that TM requires. Now he only meditates on pitching days.

By last year Lonzberg's comeback seemed complete. Early in the season he was 6-3, and he predicted that he would win 20 games. Then came his shoulder injury. He finished with an 8-6 record and a 4.13 ERA.

Lonzberg always had a tendency to pitch across his body—much like a golfer who swings with a closed stance—which put considerable strain on his lower back, but not much stress on his right shoulder. Because of muscle spasms in his back, he decided last summer to open up his pitching motion about six inches by increasing the rotation of his hips as he threw. But it is virtually impossible to open up one's hips without also opening up one's shoulders, and Lonzberg's shoulder muscles were not able to withstand the added twisting that his new delivery required. He kept pitching, became increasingly ineffective and felt more pain with each appearance.

Shoulders, like knees, are complicated joints, and injuries to them are difficult to diagnose. Finally, last August, Lonzberg went to Dr. James Parkes, the Men's physician and a shoulder expert. His diagnosis was a strained rotator cuff, an injury from which few pitchers ever recover. The rotator cuff consists of two sets of muscles, one of which is supposed to stop the arm when it reaches the limit of its range of movement. In activities like pitching that involve a whipping motion, a strong rotator cuff is vital for stopping the arm. Lonzberg's was not strong enough, and it became damaged.

The therapy for the injury consists first of rest, then of stretching exercises. Lonzberg relaxed for six weeks at the end of last season before going to Florida to work for three weeks in warm weather. It was during the first week that he called Rosie about the lumberyard. By the second week he had forgotten about look-

continued

ing for another career and by the third he was "more than elated." He went home and rested for a couple of weeks more, thinking everything was going to be fine.

While playing tennis in late November, Lorborg began feeling pain in his shoulder when he served, a depressing turn of events because the same muscles are used in a tennis serve as in pitching. In December he went to a sports medicine specialist at Boston's Children's Hospital who found that while Lorborg had rested after his return from Florida, his muscles had atrophied. He began a new regimen of exercises to once again build up the shrunken muscles. It worked, and Lorborg now feels so strong that he figures he will be able to pitch for another four or five years. But he does not talk about winning 20 this season. For once, a player who claims he is taking it one game at a time has good reason to mean it.

At his present one-at-a-time rate, Lorborg could lead the Phillies to a division title. Before the season began, Philadelphia, which has enough good hitters to stock two pennant contenders, seemed too short on pitching to win a championship. But by the end of last week, the Phils had a three-game lead in the National League East, largely because of the work of Lorborg and another revitalized pitcher, Lefty Anderson (4-1).

Lorborg's victory over the Mets was typical of his new style. He struck out only two batters—but his sharp control kept him from walking any. He allowed nine hits, but seven of them were relatively harmless singles, just the type batters tend to get on low outside pitches they cannot pull. And best of all, when Lorborg woke up the next morning his arm still felt like a winner.

THE WEEK

(After 10-27)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST

It seemed as though the Westerners had come to praise one another—and themselves—rather than to bury anyone. Walter Alton used a rare superlative in speaking about his Dodgers, and Sparky Anderson of the Reds was ecstatic about his Gold Dust Twins. Cincy players were rhapsodic about Randy

Jones of the Padres, while Andy Messersmith of the Braves and Bob Watson of the Astros had a few kind words to say about themselves. Only San Francisco seemed to be unimpressed.

"It's the best stretch of baseball since the Dodgers of 1955," said Alton. The Dodgers have won 22 of 26 games, topped off by last week's 6-0 effort that lifted them into first place. Sharp pitching was the main ingredient. Bart Hooton won twice, Rick Rhoden strangled the Reds 5-0 and Toney John downed the Braves 4-1. The bullpen did the rest, Mike Marshall gaining his eighth save and Charlie Hough (3-0) winning twice.

Anderson's Gold Dust Twins are Pat Zachry, 24, and Santo Alcala, 23, who are both 3-0. "I've never told this to a kid your age, but you are a bona fide major league pitcher," Anderson told Zachry between innings against the Dodgers. "When you get a four-run lead against anybody [which Zachry had at that moment], you look over in that dugout and tell those guys, 'That's it, boys. This one's in the hamper.'" Sure enough, Zachry kept it in the hamper, 5-0, then stifled the Padres 3-2. Alcala won 5-4 over the Giants. "Where would we be without them?" Anderson asked. The answer: last week the Reds fell 2½ games behind the Dodgers as they lost four of the five games in which Zachry and Alcala did not appear.

"He's the exact opposite of Tom Seaver, but he gets the same results," said the Reds' Joe Morgan of the Padres' Jones. "I think the next time I face him I'll go up without a bat," said Pete Rose. "Maybe I'll confuse him and he'll walk me." Jones brought his record to 8-2 by taming the Giants 12-2, then used just 87 pitches to beat the Reds 4-2 in a 99-minute five-hitter. Rookie Reliever Busch Metzger earned his fourth win for San Diego (3-4) without a loss, overcoming the Giants 3-6 when Doug Rader broke up a double play, crashing Dave Winfield to score all the way from second with the deciding run in the 11th inning.

"Good stuff" is what Andy Messersmith of Atlanta (4-4) said that he finally had as he registered his first win, 2-0 over Houston and 8-0 over San Francisco.

Bob Watson of Houston (3-5), who had hit only one homer this season, walked four last week. No hot dog, Watson nonetheless permitted himself the slugger's luxury of slowing down on the bases to watch one of his drives sail into the seats. "I felt I owed it to myself," he said.

And accusations of lack of hustle, the Giants' losses of 21 of 26 games, dropped into the collar. But San Francisco did pull out one win in seven games, when Gary Laddie picked up his seventh save in a 5-3 defeat of the Reds.

LA 26-23 CIN 32-16 SD 16-19
HOU 16-22 ATL 16-24 SF 12-26

NL EAST

What does the manager say when he confers with his pitcher on the mound? Yogi McGraw revealed that, when Philadelphia's Danny Ozark visited him with one Met on and the Phillies (4-2) leading 3-5 in the eighth, Ozark told him, "I'm here to make you smile. You're too serious." Added McGraw, "Mel? Too serious? That was funny in itself. I broke up." McGraw got the last laugh, holding the Mets at bay the rest of the way.

Reggie Smith, playing with a both shoulder and a rotator, .568 average, blasted three homers in a 7-6 Cardinal win over the Phils. The switch-hitting Smith slugged two right-handed, the other left-handed, the sixth time he has homered from both sides of the plate in the same game. Only Mickey Vernon has accomplished the feat more often: he did it 10 times. Smith socked his third homer in the top of the ninth to put St. Louis (3-4) ahead. Then, playing third base rather than his customary outfield position, he strode the game with a sparkling fielding play.

Since coming to the majors in 1973, Pittsburgh's Dave Parker has hit .366 against St. Louis. So when Parker was singled with a knee injury, the Cardinals felt relieved. Not for long. Pitting in for Parker, Bill Robinson hit a two-run homer as the Pirates (4-3) defeated the Cardinals 2-1, and a three-run shot as the Reds beat them 4-1. Bob Moose ran his string of scoreless relief innings to 22½ while earning two saves and a win. The regular umpires refused to cross a picket line of striking vendors at Three Rivers Stadium, a view of local sentiment which handed two games between the Pirates and Cubs without incidents.

In his first game for Montreal (2-2) since being picked up from Chicago, Andre Thornton socked a two-run homer against his former Cub roommate, Ray Berris, as the Expos won 3-0.

Wayne Garrett of the Mets (3-3) drove in all four runs as New York beat Montreal 4-3. And Rick Monday, although weakened by a bout with the flu during which he lost 12 pounds, pinch-hit a three-run homer as the Cubs (2-2) put down the Padres 6-5.

PW 25-9 PIT 21-14 NY 23-16
CH 19-22 STL 16-22 MONT 12-19

AL WEST

"We're the team to beat, and A O. [Amos Osis] is the best player in the league," said John Mayberry of Kansas City (5-2). Mayberry laced 464 and Osis .385 to the Royals went on a .335 spree. Also leading a bat was Tom Paquette, whose double in the 12th inning beat Texas 8-7. The Royals humped the Rangers out of first place by a 3-1 score the next night as Osis hit his seventh homer and helped preserve Al Fitzmorris' fifth win by making a shooting clutch in center field. Two days later A.O. was more than O.K., again.

continued



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BASEBALL continued

getting four hits and escaping a mandom to keep alive a game-winning uprising as the Royals toppled the A's 8-4. While his teammates praised him, Otis inexplicably remained silent about his deeds, preferring to point to a sign above his locker that read, "No interviews, A.O."

Nelson Briles previewed the week from being a total without for Texas (3-5) by defeating California 5-2.

"Speed hit won half our games for us," said Chuck Tanner, manager of the A's (15-6). Fresh on Tanner's mind was the swiftness of Larry Lintz, who had gone to first base as a pinch runner with two out in the seventh, zipped to third on an errant pickoff try and scored on a wild pitch for a 3-2 win over Texas. But the A's found out that not every race goes to the swift. They stole nine bases in one game (four of them by Don Baylor), a 5-4 loss to the Twins in which Oakland stranded 16 runners. Despite five more thefts in the next game against Minnesota, the A's lost again, 4-3. After two defeats at Kansas City ran Oakland's string to four in a row, Tanner met with Owner Charles O. Finley and the team astrologer. Emerging from the mini-sunrise, Tanner said, "In Chicago, we start something better." The A's, once guided by stars on the field rather than by heavenly bodies, lost both games in Chicago. That dropped them to fifth place, eight games out, their lowest standing since 1970.

Opponents stole 24 bases in as many tries against the Twins (3-4) before one runner was picked off and another was caught stealing. Minnesota's two wins over Oakland came in 11 innings. Dave Golz went all the way for a 4-3 victory in which Don Ford drove in the winning run, and Reliever Bill Campbell (3-1) earned a 5-4 decision when Steve Bryce, who was hitting .097, delivered the decisive hit.

With Wilbur Wood injured and Terry Forster hampered by arm trouble, the Chicago staff seemed sure to be shaky. Instead, the White Sox (6-1) got their first-ever pitching of the year. Bert Johnson, who had a 3-4 record and 10.96 ERA, headed Manager Paul Richards' recommendation to eliminate his high-look delivery and to throw more curves and beat the Angels 5-0 with a three-hitter. Pete Vuckovich downed the Twins 4-1, then Ken Gossage trimmed Minnesota 3-2. Ken Burt, in his first appearance since being obtained in a trade with the Yankees, blanketed the A's 5-0 with four innings of relief from Clay Carroll, who earlier had earned his first American League victory by giving up just one run to the Royals (5-5) innings. And hitless wireless Jesse Jefferson handcuffed the A's 7-2. Leading Chicago's offense was Bucky Dent, who hit .354.

Frank Tanana of California (4-2) struck out 18 as he sidetracked Chicago 10-3 and Texas 5-1. Reliever Jim Brower, who often arrives at the park at noon for night games

so he can run his daily two miles or more, continued to excel in his 17th season. Brower lowered his ERA to 0.95 with two scoreless innings as he bailed out Gary Ross in a 6-3 win over the Rangers.

RC 24-11 TEX 20-12 MINN 12-16
OAK 14-16 CAL 16-15 BAL 13-14

AL EAST

While New York (4-2) and Boston (4-3) scrambled (page 81), Baltimore (3-0) jumped up to second place. On the eve of his 19th birthday, Brooks Robinson of the Orioles was benched because of his .163 batting average. Replacing him at third base was Doug DeCinces, who had nine hits in 18 times up, including a grand slam in an 8-5 defeat of the Tigers. Doyle Alexander noched that win with eight innings of two-run relief. Baltimore used a similar formula to beat Detroit 8-4 the next night. Reliever Wayne Garland allowing one run in 8½ innings and Ken Singleton evading the game with a grand slammer in the bottom of the ninth. Ken Holtman thumped the Yankees 7-0, and the Reds won 4-3 and 5-3 over their cousins, the Brewers, whom they have beaten 10 times in a row and in 17 of 19 games during the past two seasons.

Before the first game of the week, Milwaukee Manager Alex Grammas received a

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BURT ROBINSON: By blanking the Pirates 6-0 on three singles and a double and by outgunning the Astros 2-0 on six singles, the right-hander chalked up his third and fourth consecutive wins as the Dodger beat a two-game division lead.

phone call from his Cincinnati counterpart, Sparky Anderson, who urged his former third-base coach to "hang in there." With Don Money leading a 19-hit assault by driving in five runs, the Brewers (3-2) hung one on the Red Sox 11-5 to break a seven-game losing streak. Jim Sizemore was credited with his fifth win in that game, then earned his sixth as he held off the Indians 6-5.

Ron LeFlore extended his hitting streak to 24 games, the longest by a Tiger since 1935. Despite LeFlore's .400 hitting, which raised his average to a league-leading .390, Detroit (4-0) floundered.

Jackie Brown, a former footballer who uses an assortment of curves since recovering from a sore arm, came up with Cleveland's only win in five tries when he defeated Detroit 4-0. George Hendrick took over the league lead in home runs by hitting his seventh and eighth of the season.

NY 21-11 BAL 12-16 MIL 12-16
BOS 14-16 DET 12-17 CLE 12-16

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The only filly ever to beat Optimistic Gal was Dearly Precious and she did it again in the Acorn Stakes (above) when a jockey turned up missing

Little man wasn't there

Three days before the Kentucky Derby, LeRoy Jolley, the trainer of favorite Honest Pleasure, stood near his horse's stall at Churchill Downs and made a rather remarkable statement, considering. "The race I'm looking forward to," he said, "is the one at Belmont Park on May 22." Jolley was designating neither the Derby nor Honest Pleasure nor any of his opponents. But he was excited about the expected meeting between his Optimistic Gal and Dearly Precious, the champion 2-year-old filly of 1975, in the Acorn Stakes, the first leg of the Triple Crown for fillies. Optimistic Gal had met Dearly Precious twice and lost both times, the only defeats Jolley's filly had suffered in 12 lifetime starts. But the two had not met as 3-year-olds, and campaigning this year, Optimistic Gal had won seven races in a row. Dearly Precious' wins over Optimistic Gal had occurred in July and August of last season at short distances and at a time when few people were paying much attention to either filly. Form, however, seemed to dictate that when the two got together in the Acorn at a distance of one mile, Optimistic Gal would prevail.

But last Saturday, with a lot of people

paying attention, the analysis proved wrong. The outcome was the same. Dearly Precious beat Optimistic Gal by 2 1/4 lengths, coming through the stretch in her distinctive fashion, her legs swinging out like a swimmer's arms reaching for water ahead and her demeanor that of a woman who knows she looks good but wants someone to tell her so.



BAEZA'S CAREER IS NOW IN JEOPARDY

Dearly Precious' victory was unavoidably interwoven with a strange thing that happened—or didn't happen—at Belmont Park that day. Braulio Baeza, the second leading money-winner of all time (\$35 million in purses) and Optimistic Gal's regular jockey, failed to arrive for work. During a remarkable 15-year riding career, the Panamanian had forged a reputation for reliability and decorum, silence and politeness. He was so proper and prompt that people around racetracks swore they could set their watches by him. But Baeza neither showed up for the Acorn nor sent excuses: as strange an occurrence as Pete Rose missing the seventh game of a World Series.

At 2:15 p.m. on Acorn day, Jack O'Hara, the clerk of scales at Belmont, looked at the log on his desk and noted that Baeza, booked to ride in the sixth race as well as the Acorn, hadn't been heard from. O'Hara called the stewards and at 2:30 the announcement was made to the public.

Baeza, 36, has been bothered in recent years by a severe weight problem. His inability to meet assigned weights has cost him perhaps as many as 100 winners a season. Baeza's excellent touch with a horse and his ability to judge the pace make him highly desirable to trainers. But when a rider cannot make assigned weights, trainers must look elsewhere. Of the 31 experienced riders listed in the condition book at Belmont Park, Baeza is the high weight at 137 compared with the average of 110. Recently, however, he has not been able to meet even that weight, and no amount of "flipping" (sticking one's fingers down one's throat to induce vomiting) or time spent in the "sweat box" seemed to help. He had been using diet pills for some time but to no avail. Then, three weeks ago, he was injured in a bad spill at Belmont and had ridden irregularly since. Baeza's future is now clouded. He must appear before the stewards and explain his nonappearance, and the stewards may either fine or suspend him. And beyond that, there is a question of how many trainers will now name him on a horse.

Jolley, of course, had to face the immediate problem of finding a replacement for Baeza. Under normal conditions it would have been easy. But this was Saturday and the top riders were scattered about the land competing in

continued

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other stakes. Jolley selected 22-year-old Pat Day to ride Optimistic Gal, and while Day is a decent enough young rider he was totally unfamiliar with the filly.

When the gate opened in the Acorn, Optimistic Gal stumbled and settled into fourth position in the field of eight. Under jockey Jorge Velazquez, Dearly Precious moved in front, setting a nice slow pace. The pace, in fact, was so wockly slow (a .147 half mile) that when Dearly Precious carried into the stretch and Optimistic Gal had her chance to make up ground she was unable to do so. Dearly Precious still had more than enough left.

Dearly Precious' owner is Dick Bailey, a man who admits he has spent more than \$1½ million buying horses without a great deal of success. But two years ago he went to the Yearling Sales at Saratoga. "I was not going to buy anything," he was saying Saturday evening. "I had convinced myself of this. I walked around to look at some horses and saw one by Dr. Fager from Irasodale. She was standing in the rear of the sales pa-

velion, and something inside me told me to buy her. I don't know what it was, but I just wanted to own her. I made one bid on her at \$22,000 and got her. I've never been this lucky."

Bailey is a 65-year-old semiretired television man who first put thoroughbred racing and the pro golf tour on the screen on a regular basis. He owned Sports Network Inc., an independent operation that bought sporting events and sold them to stations throughout the country.

Eight years ago Bailey sold SNI to Howard Hughes for an estimated \$16 million. "When I sold to Hughes I was told that everyone would ask if I ever met him," Bailey says. "I was also told, 'Those who say they see him don't, and those who do see him don't say.' But no, I never met Howard Hughes. I was in the same hotel he was staying at but I didn't get to see him."

Dearly Precious has been strikingly visible, even in defeat. Two weeks before the Acorn, she ran in the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes at Pimlico. She was coming

off a loss in the Comedy at Belmont, but was expected to another field. In what was probably the finest filly race in several years, Dearly Precious and What A Summer drove to the wire together. The stewards took a full eight minutes to read the photo finish, finally declaring What A Summer the winner by a nose. But Dearly Precious had given her rival 10 pounds. "I felt it was one of her best races even though she lost," said Trainer Steve DiMauro. "She proved to me that she could run a distance [1½ miles] and that she might have needed the race. I love Dearly Precious. She's unlike any horse I've ever seen. When she runs she seems to be happy. You can almost see her smiling."

Should Dearly Precious win the Mother Goose on June 4, she would then have to win the June 26 Coaching Club American Oaks (both races are also at Belmont Park) to complete the filly Triple Crown. Another filly did so five years. To many her name is dear and precious: Ruffian. **END**

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A bang-up job by the hammers

Coach Harry Parker's powerhouse crew is a successor to '75's gods

This was to be The Year Harvard Got It, but instead everyone else got it—came old sight, an eight-oared shell full of crimson jerseys, moving away. Nothing changed but the Harvard style, or as Carl Sandburg put it:

I have seen. The old gods go—

And new gods come . . .

Today. I worship the hammer.

The lines are posted on the varsity bulletin board at Harvard's Newell Boat House, where the gods have come and gone. They called them that last year at Harvard—gods, six great senior oarsmen, replaced now by juniors, "strong oarsmen who can't row," as two-ear Dave Bixby, aka Wart Hog, defines the term. But as Bixby said two Sundays ago at Princeton, "We must be as fully

strong, because we don't have much finesse. How else could we row a race like we did today, or have a season like this one?"

Harvard had just won its 10th Eastern Sprint in 14 tries under Coach Harry Parker, its third consecutive national title, and one reporter suggested, "Maybe it's your great depth."

"We don't have any depth," someone replied.

But Bixby said, "We have got Harry." And now Harry Parker had Bixby, by both arms. It was a great day among many great days for the 40-year-old Parker, and though he rarely reveals emotion, he yelled, "Hey, Hog!" Then he slugged away, and Bixby, who rowed on last year's junior varsity and does not think that all the gods are gone, was stunned. "Harry hardly ever says anything," he said, "so moments like these you feel all warm inside."

In many ways it had been Harry Parker's year, and the year of The Speech. Late in the winter Parker was worried. In October Harvard had finished 12th at the Head of the Charles Regatta—not an intercollegiate event, but 12th! Morale was low at Newell; there was anxiety over the coming season. Parker had admitted to himself the possibility of losing, but it had taken him months to reach that point and now he called a meeting. He stood in the dim yellow light of the tank room at Newell, head down, his jaw set, hands in his pockets, tracing patterns in the

floor with the toe of a shoe, searching for the right words from his meager annual ration of them. Finally he said that he knew what was on everyone's mind, that they were following two of the greatest Harvard crews ever, that they were upright because of it, and that they should forget about everything but the season ahead. He told them not to be afraid of losing, that having fun was just as important as winning. He said, "Let's just set a pace that will make us all proud."

As the thunderstruck oarsmen filed into the night they began to refer to what they had heard as "the conversion speech." "Harry's giving us us," some said, reverently. But as days passed, the mood at Newell eased. "Everyone went out of 'Aaaaah,'" says senior-three-ear Howe Kemp, the captain. "I think the speech dissolved so much tension. We could really start working, because we weren't afraid to lose now."

Around the country, crew coaches were panting to get at Harvard. So off they went in April to the San Diego Crew Classic, the season's first. And speech or no, on race day the Harvard driving room was haunted by gods. Kemp was so nervous he hid in a closet. Bixby was ready, he says, "to bite a dog's leg off." And then Harry Parker came in and made another little speech. "I think we can do it, if we row all out," he said. "No one can stay with us then." So they rowed all out, and Parker was right. And



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that is how the season went, or almost, for it was also The Year of the Crab.

Sometimes, fittingly, the Harvard crew used its oars like hammers, catching the surface at weird angles, slowing the boat and throwing up a commotion of water, catching crabs. A tremendous one against the Coast Guard and UMass turned the shell all but sideward to the course. Another put it behind Brown for a while. But Harvard always recovered to beat them all by open water and there were no regrets. They were having fun. An Hevry Kemp said, "We want to make crew a spectator sport, by making it close. So when someone throws a crab we congratulate him."

Harry Parker was having fun. When he could stand it no longer, he said, "It's an exasperating aspect of their rowing."

But he did have a little bit of speech left. The day before a race against Princeton on the Charles he followed the boat in his launch, speaking to the crew through his megaphone, louder and louder: "You drive them through the first 500 meters, and if they're still with you then, drive them into the second. If need be, you'll row the last 500 harder than the first, and if your minds are willing, your bodies will be, too."

Next day Harvard destroyed Princeton. And Kemp, who does not think all the gods are gone either, said of the pep talk, "He made Krutze Rockne look like a scoundrel."

Parker heard this and seemed surprised. "I always thought that Krutze Rockne-type speeches were manipulative," he said. "I can't do that."

One has a tendency, when speaking with Parker, to watch his eyes, to see if he is winking, or his mouth, to catch the hint of a smile. Every move he makes, every word, is calculated to gain an effect, say some of his oarsmen. Yet Parker claims total innocence of such motives.

Blitz says, "I think Harry is the fairest of coaches, but he's not very open. You can kill yourself and feel you're not making a dent, so I stopped rowing for him two years ago. I row mostly for the boat now. Maybe Harry plans it that way."

So Parker is asked, "Do you keep a certain distance from your oarsmen because you think that strengthens ties among them?"

He smiles vaguely. His head moves, barely, side to side.

Sophomore seven-oar Tom Hewes is the youngest, smallest, man in the boat. "The little house on the prairie," they call him, and he wonders how he made it. "Was it Harry? Was it me?" Last winter he thought he had no chance. He sat in the tanks at Newell, and Parker would come along. He would say, Hewes recalls, "Row-oar, you're doing this wrong. Six, hold your hands like this." But he always went right by me. I couldn't decide if he'd given up on me, that I was too small, or what. So I worked all the harder, and I guess it paid off."

"Did you psych Tom Hewes right into the boat?"

Was that a smile? Did Harry Parker's head move?

"Harry likes to be part of the group," says Otis Schelle, senior stroke-oar. "In The Speech he said, 'You've got to enjoy rowing, but also the people you're with.' I think he was talking about himself. He wants us to like him, but he doesn't know how to ask."

It is midnight, and on the bus going home from the Eastern Sprints only two people seem to be awake—Parker, who is sitting alone, and a man who has known him for three years but has never had a real conversation with the coach. The man drops into the empty seat. They talk about their athletic backgrounds, Parker's really—his national singles sculling championships in 1959 and '60, his fifth at the Rome Olympics, his four years of rowing at the University of Pennsylvania, class of '57. The man is surprised that Parker was a philosophy major, but then he thinks, no, Harry Parker is no physics ed major.

"What does coaching give to you?"

"Personally I'm fascinated by the whole concept of making a boat move through the water," Parker replies, "whether I'm rowing it myself, or watching my crew do it well. It's a very exciting, satisfying, sensual feeling."

"And I feel a fairly enormous pride in the people I'm dealing with. I have a very strong sense of identity with them."

The conversation gradually drifts off. At 2:45 a.m. the bus arrives in Cambridge. Harry Parker stands at the front. "Well done, men," he says. "See you this afternoon, at practice."

Six days later the hammers finished their season, sinking Yale on the Thames River by something like 16 lengths—a margin even gods would approve. **END**



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Bobby shows Gordie how

Bobby Hull strikes the first blow as he resumes his rivalry with President Howe in Winnipeg's battle with Houston for the WHA championship

Gordie Howe saw Bobby Hull get it across the face with a stick in Detroit one night years ago. "The fellow who gave Bobby that pug nose was as nice a gentleman off the ice as you'd ever meet," Howe said, rocking back in a leather swivel chair in the office he occupies as president of the Houston Aeros. "But in the heat, he laid out with the lumber, and Bobby caught it. You could hear his nose bust from across the arena."

The previous evening, Bobby Hull's Winnipeg Jets had beaten the defending champion Aeros 4-3 in the first game of the World Hockey Association finals. It was the first time Howe, 48, and Hull, 37, had faced each other in a championship series since the 1961 Stanley Cup, when Hull was the scoring leader of the Chicago Black Hawks and Howe was the perennial hero of the Detroit Red Wings.

Now it was a different league and perhaps a slightly different game, if you lis-

tened to Hull's opinion of it. But one thing that didn't appear to have changed was the way the two superstars went at it. Howe played full duty on an attack line that included his son Mark. And Hull, skating on a line with swift young Swedes Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg, scored the winning goal.

The Jets have nine Europeans on their roster. They are noted for their flashy skating and nifty handling of the puck. For that reason, the Jets have endured a terrific physical assault this year. The thinking on most WHA teams was that the only way to keep up with the Jets was to knock them down and sit on them.

By the end of the season, Hull was speaking out against a style of play he considers to have gone beyond violence and become deliberate mayhem. In fact, Hull will soon be appointed to a WHA committee to study the matter. Another committee member will be Gordie Howe.

If anybody is an authority on hockey violence, it is Howe. In his career he has spent more than 30 hours in the penalty box, an all-time record.

But Howe and Hull do not exactly agree on the subject of violence. Where Hull sees goons whacking at his young Europeans in a nasty fashion, Howe sees the same old game of hockey. Which is how he came to be talking about the night Hull's nose was smashed in Detroit.

"I never did play hockey like a puss-snot myself, and neither did Bobby," Howe said. "Hockey is a physical game. If you get in the way, you're gonna get hit. When it used to really be tough was in the old days when there were only six big-league hockey teams. You had to fight your way onto the club and fight to stay there. The scrimmages to see who would make the team were some of the toughest battles I've ever been in."

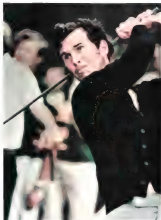
Howe smiled. His face is unwrinkled. Somehow his skin has absorbed the thousands of stitches that hockey has put in it, and the scars do not show. Hull has not been so lucky. From a distance, he is a handsome man, muscular and graceful and quick, with a new blond hairpiece covering the thin spot. Up close, though, you can see the price Hull has paid for all those 50-goal seasons. His nose is mashed sideways, scars crisscross his chin and cheeks and eyebrows; his face is bent out of shape. Like most hockey players, Hull has no front teeth.

"Bobby has taken plenty of punishment, no doubt about that," Howe said. "That's not what he's complaining about. He knows in the fire of the moment somebody's lumber is liable to cave your head in. What we have to look into on this committee is the deliberate, continuing offender. I don't deny there are some real goons in our league. I heard one team official bragging about his goons and saying they only carried sticks for camouflage. What Bobby wants to get rid of is what he regards as the constant bloodbath. I'm certainly willing to help him do that."

Hull had said earlier that he thinks violence in hockey is hurting attendance rather than helping it. And he has watched the violence spread beyond the pros. He saw his own 12-year-old son, Blake, rush into a youth-hockey gang battle last fall and come home boasting that his teammates had nicknamed him Dave Schultz, after the notorious

OLD MAN GORDIE, CRUNCHING A YOUNG JET, NEVER PLAYS HOCKEY LIKE A PUSSEYCAT

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HOCKEY *continued*

intimidator of the Philadelphia Flyers.

"Our style of play at Winnipeg is to concentrate on outskating, outpacing and outpositioning our opposition," Hull said. "Some individuals in this league have put together teams with far more brawn than brains. That's the kind of hockey we want to get away from. With our European kids, we use basic fundamentals of good hockey. Sure, we'll hit you, we'll take you into the boards. But we'd rather play a fast, clever game instead of doing what some teams do—bucking, banging, kicking, thrashing and hoping they can slash a puck into the net now and then. The Aeros will back you, and Gordie's will get the best elbows in the business, but they're not a good team."

Houston Trainer Bobby Brown insists that "Gordie Howe is the most incredible athlete in the history of the world." Brown, who was the trainer for the Houston Oilers for 12 years, says, "I'm not taking anything from George Blanda, who's the same age as Howe. But all George does is kick field goals and occasionally throw a pass. Gordie is out there going hard against tremendous athletes less than half his age. And he'll wind up playing more than 100 games in a season that lasts from September until June."

"All in all, I think hockey players are mentally tougher than football players. We've sewed about 500 stitches into our guys this season, and we usually don't even use novocain. One day a puck hit Gordie behind the left ear. Blood flew 30 feet. Knocked him stone cold. In a minute he jumped up and went right on skating as if nothing had happened. He has never lifted a weight in his life, but for his size and age he's probably as strong as anybody in the world."

Howe says there are days when he feels his age and wonders if it isn't time for him to start watching hockey from the stands, the way other club presidents do, and let Mark and Marty, another son who plays defense for the Aeros, uphold the Howe tradition.

"But then there are other days when it all comes together in a flash," he says, grinning. "Suddenly I'm young again and as good as I ever was, and I feel like I can play this game forever."

But what about the rumors that he plans to retire after these playoffs?

"I'm going to start my own rumor," Howe said. "I'll play next year, but my sons are going to retire."

END

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Mustang II Ghia in new Cream color. Cobra shown. Dual rear mirrors (342). VSW (see 133).



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GOODBY, MR. CHIPS

The Story of a Shipwrecked Captain and a Young Girl
BY WILLIAM W. WATTSBERG





cientists had been closing in on the project for years, and a typical report on their progress appeared in a 1976 issue of *The London Observer*. The headline read: **HOW NEAR IS THE AGE OF THE TOO COMMON MAN?** and the article described a breakthrough in the zoology labs at Oxford. Cloning, the cell-fertilizing technique that had produced thousands upon thousands of identical toads and frogs, had been applied successfully to mammals. The *Observer* story looked ahead to carbon-copy people and, indeed, within eight years cloned humans were born. By the year 2000 they were entering the work force, a breed within a breed, individuals genetically identical in all respects. They took their place in society—a low one—as a worker caste. By the turn of the century scientists were producing better clones for more specialized services—but just how special didn't become evident until the stunning events of 2032. Here, for the first time, the man who developed the Royal Hunter tells his story.

It began over a dozen years ago during my first season in corporate sports. I was one of 50 image modifiers working shifts at the central office of U.S. Syndicated Athletics. Our department redesigned the features and biographical data of contracted athletes who, although they had fallen considerably in viewer popularity, were not yet sufficiently burned-out to be retired. The job required a high degree of skill and training, yet even plastic surgeons earn more.

Too poor at the time to afford the cheapest house clone, I lived a fair distance out in the city's lake district in a small two-room automated apartment. I rode the public glide to work each morning in the company of computer programmers and junior-grade statisticians. One day was like any of a thousand others: recycled hi-pros for breakfast, a window seat on the glide, the long, silent ride over streets that seem deserted in spite of the methodical gray-clad army of clones sweeping the pavement and collecting garbage.

I worked all morning on a series of portrait sketches for the surgical department. I was redesigning an affable red-haired Irish third baseman who had recently slipped in the ratings. In a couple of months, he would reappear in the ball park as a dark and surly Cuban outfielder. Strictly a routine modification.

Near the end of my shift our section chief rang. We had a visiting executive: a florid gentleman whose robust form bespoke a diet of meat; no more powdered food once you attain executive status. He made a speech about clones. His rich, deep voice boomed with energy and enthusiasm. He waved his arms in small circles like a man in a balancing act. "Mankind has been forever freed from drudgery," he

exulted. "All of the hateful, menial jobs that plagued our ancestors have been assumed by these efficient, single-minded laborers. It's miraculous! Chromosome control enables us to design the workers to fit the task. The cloning process asexually divides a single cell almost indefinitely. Unlimited numbers of identical beings! Genetic engineering! The possibilities are limitless."

The executive rubbed his hands and glanced around the office, letting us know he had at last come to the point. "Our beloved Chairman," he murmured, a plump hand fluttering to rest over his heart, "has taken a bold, innovative step destined to revolutionize the sports industry. For years, secret research at our bio labs explored the genetics of the perfect athlete. Yesterday's dreams become the products of today." The executive snapped his fingers and an assistant flung open the office door. A giant lumbered in.

"Gentlemen," the executive beamed, "allow me to present prototype No. 916, a triumph of bioengineering. The 916 is a physiologically perfect athlete, the matrix of our new sports system. From one cell we have cloned thousands of mirror twins. Currently, they are undergoing specialized training, and very soon entire teams of identical players will take the field against our rivals. I can guarantee you one thing, gentlemen: Syndicated Athletics has forever altered the history of corporate sports."

"Hear, hear," our section chief applauded, and the entire department stood and sang the company anthem. The executive joined in on the chorus. Even prototype 916 hummed along tentatively, his cloneish features inert.

The executive held up his hands for quiet. "It is a great moment for Syndicated," he said, "but our work is just beginning. If 916 is as successful as predictions indicate, it won't be very long before our competition comes up with similar models of their own. We've got the jump on them, in any case. Even with the accelerated hormone treatment, it takes 10 years to bring a clone to maturity."

"The bio labs could not be expected to pay very much attention to the prototype's image. That's where you gentlemen fit into the picture. By the time *Trans Am* or *Pro-Sports* produce clones of their own, we intend to be ready with a new image for our champ here."

He clapped the docile giant on the back. "Not much in looks or personality, is it? But wait until you modifiers do your stuff. We want an athlete with audience appeal, an image that will go straight to its heart. Gentlemen, Syndicated is opening this assignment to competition, and need I say that great things are in store for the modifier who clicks with the winning image."

The executive gave the company salute and left. The clone didn't move. He stood stolidly at the front of the office until

the assistant took him by the arm and ushered him out.

There were some smiles in the department, but nobody actually laughed. When the shift ended, I headed straight for the company library. During the next several months, this schedule never varied: after my four hours on the job, I'd spend the following two shifts doing research in the library. I wasn't alone. Half the department could usually be found scrambling among the microfiche racks like graduate students.

Syndicated Athletics declared a company holiday the day we unleashed the world's first all-clone team. Fleets of private gliders ferried the employees out to a special section in the stadium. I had not seen live football since my college days and thrilled to a thousand forgotten sensations, all the nuances of sound and smell and weather lacking on Holorama. Of course, "Holorama puts you in the action," and from where I was sitting, not even my neighbor's binoculars were much help on that score. Still, I wasn't too far away to observe the stunned reactions of the opposition when the Silver Warriors, Syndicated's new team, took the field. The Phantom Freebooters of ProSports Ltd. were one of the oldest Victory League teams, but even players long accustomed to dramatic image changes in the lineup were unprepared for this phalanx of clones.

Those interested in a description of the game are better off dialing for a Holorama replay. The Silver Warriors won; not by much, and certainly not because of any invisible close skill, but because the players were interchangeable and identical replacements were unlimited. The typical technological triumph.

Within weeks, all of Syndicated's teams were manned by clones, although there were no further holidays. Inevitably, victory piled on victory and, yet, our ratings declined. The fans weren't happy. Instead of an ever-changing multitude of stars, there was only stolid No. 916 to receive their cheers. Syndicated's side consisted of one player, infinitely repeated like reflections in a hall of mirrors. The surgical department worked overtime to provide some variety, performing hundreds of nose jobs and face-lifts, but the problem was more than cosmetic. No matter how you sliced it, prototype 916 had less appeal than a boiled potato.

Image mod had been handed the ball. There were daily executive pep talks and a nice credit bonus was added to up the ante. I knew my colleagues had access to the same material from the Golden Age of professional sports (bubblegum trading cards, comic books, fan magazines, paperback), and my strategy anticipated a host of familiar images: Joe DiMaggio, Muhammad Ali, Johnny Unitas, I concentrated my research instead on an earlier and more innocent time, the turn of the 20th century.

Popular literature of the period took the form of what were known as "dime novels"—crude, mass-produced, mail-order pamphlets. I read hundreds on microfiche before my diligence was rewarded. Within the following pages of the *7 Up Weekly*, "An ideal publication for the American Youth," I found the exact image I was after: Frank Merriwell, a Yale football and baseball hero.

Fans today know heroes without chivalry. A team composed of identically perfect gentlemen might well go "straight to their hearts." I worked all night finishing the

personality profiles, bioenergy patterns and fall sets of sketches, and submitted my proposal in the morning.

Three days later I was told that I had an appointment with an executive upstairs. My heartbeat led the way like a drummer as I rode the tube to the 19th floor. I gave my name and was escorted, oblivious to the startling beauty of the page, into a sanctuary of cool marble columns and tranquil reflecting pools.

The executive greeted me and let me know what a brilliant career lay ahead of me. "The bonus is yours, of course, but that's only the beginning," he purred. "Your future is linked to your remarkable image. What a stroke of genius! An athlete pure in mind and deed; brave, loyal, courteous. The fans will adore him!"

I inscribed my gratitude to the company, but he went on as if I were not even there.

"Only one serious rival out of hundreds of submissions. Came from a modifier on the third shift. He found a marvelous comic-book hero, an English lord who lives like a naked savage among the apes in Africa."

"Tarzan."

"That's it. You do know your stuff, don't you? The selection committee felt that this ape-man's background was too claustric for popular taste; a Midwestern farm boy raised by wolves would be more to the point. But your contribution, dear lad, is inspirational. You might as well know you've been promoted to the rank of associate executive. A new team, the Royal Hunters, has been designated for your image. You are the sole company spokesman and publicist for the team. Even now, our bio labs are formulating the required genetics. But education and conditioning will determine this clone's eventual personality. Your first job is to take charge of training and prototype development. He's your baby now."

Every detail had to be preplanned. Working with a team of company neurologists, I designed a program of prenatal stimuli. Psychologists were consulted on plans to update the standard nursery facilities. Executive privilege includes the use of a private four-seater glide, and a month after implementation I took a hop out to our suburban bio labs to check on how things were going.

White-gowned and gloved, I inspected the laboratory's gestation facilities, escorted by an equally bearded section chief. Like a pair of ghosts, moving soundlessly in our sterile rubber slippers, voices muffled by masklike vocal filters, we toured the cloning traps and fertilization tanks. The embryos, hundreds of them, floated like aquatic cherubs in individual jars of amniotic fluid.

"Royal Hunter One," the section chief said, pointing to the first fetus in line. "The matrix for the entire series."

"And the gestation period is three months?"

"Eighty-two days precisely. Decanting is followed by a period of phenomenal growth, which lasts another six months. At that age, the clone resembles a 5-year-old human in terms of physical development, and the growth rate, although still accelerated, levels off for the next 9½ years."

The prenatal stimulation sequence was going according to plan and I asked my guide for a progress report on the incubation nurseries designed to house the clones for the six crucial months after decanting.

continued

"They're ready now if you'd like to see them." The section chief lead the way into a neighboring chamber where ranks of glass-walled nurseries stood along the walls. "Every unit is individually temperature- and humidity-controlled," he said as we passed down the line, peering through the glass like window-shoppers. Red rubber balls waited in each compartment. Band music and cheering crowds played continuously in the background. Even the air was artificially scented with the aroma of sweat and liniment.

The nursing's rapid physical development gave everyone attached to the Royal Hunter project a particular sense of urgency. During the six months of incubation, I had crews of construction clones secretly working around the clock at one of Syndicated's training farms in the south. Stone by weathered stone, these ramble laborers placed together an exact reproduction of a New England prep school, circa 1885. Lead-glass panes in the gabled windows, copper weather vane high above mossy slate rooftops, granite porch steps scalloped by time: not one detail was overlooked.

Half an hour before the consecration ceremonies, clone gardeners hurriedly hung ivy on the brick walls, finishing barely in time for our Chairman's enraging speech. The Royal Hunters, proper schoolboys now in their neat blue blazers and striped beanies, stood in perfect formation on the quad. To conclude the official ceremony, 1,000 boyish soprano voices joined in singing the school's alma mater, a stirring martial melody as familiar to them as their own heartbeats after three months' continuous play in the nursery.

And so began my nine years as headmaster of Royal Hunter Hall. Officially, I kept my office at company headquarters, yet, aside from a monthly visit, the Holorama remained disconnected and the bare, windowless chamber must have seemed bleak even to the custodial clones. My new office on the third floor of the Hall was a pleasant Victorian study with walls of leatherbound books, several Chinese urns sporting palms and rubber plants, and a handsomely carved mahogany desk—quite comfortable considering the decor couldn't be changed by turning a dial.

Holorama wasn't permitted at the school. Transportation was by bicycle only. The nearest glide terminal was several miles from campus. Every effort had been made to shield the boys (I could never think of my charges as clones) from the realities of present-day America. The leisurely life tempo at Royal Hunter Hall encouraged courtesy and a sense of grace.

In the classroom, which were rigidly old-fashioned, the boys studied ethics, hygiene, ancient history, the classics, as well as elementary math and literature. Daily chapel attendance was compulsory; the library was well stocked with uplifting volumes. Nevertheless, most of the boys' time was spent at athletics. My office windows overlooked the playing fields and at any hour of the day I watched group calisthenics in progress, the boys in their whites moving in perfect precision on the even green lawn. Intramural games started early in the morning and continued noisily until dark. Sprinters and hurdlers and long-distance runners pranced like thoroughbreds on the track. The soft thud of the shot was continuous, like an iron rain.

The boys could be distinguished on the field by the numbers on their jerseys. In the classroom, small numerical

pins on blazer lapels were all that differentiated Royal Hunter 12 from Royal Hunter 367. My own duties as administrator were greatly simplified by the uniformity of my charges. At first, in order to gauge student opinion, I arranged meetings with various boys selected at random. But the answers I received were as interchangeably alike as the mirror images offering them and I came in time to rely upon a single student as an accurate reflection of group attitudes. This was Royal Hunter One, the matrix of the system. I called him Roy.

Over the few short years of his accelerated growth, I grew quite fond of Roy Hunter. Certainly, he (along with his 999 twin siblings) was a lad any father would happily call his own. Brave and courteous and loyal, ever ready to extend a hand to a fallen opponent, his perpetually cheerful smile and impeccable manners brightened even the foulest of my moods. Our prep school was a charade, a figment of corporate athletics, but a certain utopian atmosphere of decency and sportsmanship gradually evolved and in the end I succumbed to it, along with my entire faculty of hand-picked psychotherapists.

My monthly sojourns at company headquarters lasted a matter of hours rather than days. I would have avoided the office altogether but for the required report to the board. Syndicated's monopoly on all-clone teams lasted less than five seasons. Within a year, both Team Am and ProSports sent their own Neanderthal prototypes thundering out onto the playing fields of America. Corporate sports fell into a slump in spite of the expensive promotion touring clone athletes as perfect for Holorama. Viewers at home dialed everything but sports. Ballet rated higher than football. Check the statistics.

Board meetings, never frivolous affairs at best, came to resemble morticians' conventions. The formal solemnity seemed but a step away from outright despair. When the Royal Hunter boys attained full growth at eight years, there was considerable corporate pressure to start them immediately in professional competition. I resisted with the bland assurance of a politician wiggling out of a campaign promise, wanting to play Mr. Chips just a little bit longer on my make-believe campus.

The first time I ever heard Roy Hunter mention the Olympics was in the spring of that last year. We were having one of our regular chats in my study; tea and biscuits before a glowing fire. Roy held his delicate bone-china cup with a grace that belied the awesome strength in his hands. I remember his pleasant smile and the golden shine of his curls in the firelight. We spoke of sports and I asked which was his favorite.

"The decathlon," he said without hesitation.

"Really? Not football or baseball?"

Roy balanced his cup on his knee. "I don't mean to sound like a snob, sir. Football's quite a lot of fun, but it's only a game."

"Only a game?"

"From the corporate viewpoint I guess it's an industry," he blushed, "but out on the field it's still a game."

"And what about the spirit of competition?"

"Oh, it's there, of course." The boy stared deep into the fire like an augur seeking the truth from the dancing flames.

—continued—



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You think about how much easier it'll be to get those two maddening deck chairs into the trunk with all the other stuff you take on your annual safari.

You scan the instrument panel. You feel pretty smart for buying a car with so many good things standard—power disc brakes, power steering, automatic transmission. You're glad you bought a Buick.

You aren't even at your driveway, and the kids have

spotted the car. As you pull up and stop, your wife emerges from the side screen door, smiling broadly. You are sure she's never looked more beautiful.

You get out and the kids get in. With a courtly flourish you open the door for your wife, assuring her that she'll get a chance to drive.

You're back in the car again, heading down the street to nowhere in particular, not really caring that the side door back home is wide open.

You're not sure you should let the dog sit on the seats.



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"Team spirit is a wonderful thing, but individual competition demands a greater inner resource. The classic track and field events have challenged the human spirit for millennia: all the way back to the ancient Greeks. Why, the Greeks even dated their calendar from the time of the first Olympiad, that's how important they thought it was."

Perhaps it was a gleam of reflected firelight, but as he spoke his eyes glowed with a fervor that I had never before detected in him. The stopwatch rattled in his hand, a seismograph of his violent emotions. "Olympic Standard Time?" I chuckled, hoping a joke would defuse the sudden tension.

He hadn't heard me and went on as if possessed, eyes wide and flashing. "Wars would stop during the month of Olympic competition. Athletics were sacred to the Greeks. They were more than just games. Olympia was holy ground. The famous sculptor, Phidias, kept a workshop there and . . . his statue of Zeus in the temple at Olympia was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It was over 40 feet tall!"

A long silence, punctuated only by the crapping of the fire, followed. Roy shrugged and smiled sheepishly, setting his cup down on the table beside him. "Sorry I got so carried away, sir," he said.

What surprised me was the pervasion of his outburst. After nearly 10 years spent perfecting the Royal Hunter image, this was the first indication I'd had of any deeply held convictions on the boy's part. He had been taught, even from the moment of conception, to love sports, but it had never been my intention to create a fanatic. I reached over and patted his shoulder. "Nothing to fret about," I said. "It's only natural that you should have strong feelings about athletics."

"They're my whole life," he blurted. "Nothing else matters."

A week or so later, as I stood at the edge of the sandlot pit on the playing field, Roy's fervent words still echoed in the private corridors of my mind. Several boys were practicing the long jump and the trainers marked each effort with a steel tape. All about me jewels pierced the air, spiked feet danced on the surrounding ribbon of cinder track, pole vaulters catapulted aloft, shot and hammer thrumped into the soft earth.

Roy's self-assured movements as he

prepared to jump prompted the thought that the number on his shirt, the numeral one, was instead a pronoun, addressing his individuality in the first person singular. He smiled and began his approach, running with such fluid elegance that his takeoff at the board seemed an effortless continuation into flight. It was more a defiance of gravity than a jump, as beautiful a thing to watch as the soaring of a hawk.

"It's 10.35 meters," the trainer with the tape called, kneeling in the sandlot. "If this were an official meet, that would be the new world's record."

I shook the boy's hand and muttered something fortuitous about keeping up the effort. He smiled, his chest heaving under his thin singlet. "Too bad we can't compete," he said. "They'd have to re-write all the record books."

Roy was right. A cursory check in the school library that afternoon revealed the world's long-jump record to be a hair over nine meters. The following week I signed the book out and carried it with me on the practice fields. Roy and his classmates made a lie out of every statistic. They did so with such regularity that soon there was no longer any point in thumbing the dog-eared pages.

I made some notes in the flyleaf and brought the record book to my next board meeting. Compared to executive offices with art-lined exotic surroundings available on Holorama, the board room at Syndicated Athletics is an austere chamber, muffled by darkness. A polished mahogany table stands enclosed within an oval island of light. The Chairman sits at the head with the members ranked down each side according to seniority. At the far end waits a podium nicknamed "the Boston stranger" by visiting executives who deliver their reports in its shadow.

But the "stranger" had no choke hold on me and I read from the record book with the glib assistance of an auctioneer. To a man, the board expressed delight on hearing of Roy Hunter's record-breaking. This was further evidence of their decision to go "all clone" a decade earlier than planned. I complimented the board's foresight and mentioned, as if in passing, that it seemed a pity not to allow the boys to compete. "Any victories they gain as amateurs will enhance their reputations as professionals. You wouldn't buy better publicity."

Our Chairman leaned forward, stroking his square-cut beard. "Have you given any thought to the sort of amateur competition that would guarantee the most exposure?" he asked, his voice a whisper as crisp as the rustle of banknotes.

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Out with it, man."

"The Olympic Games, sir."

That was the prod that set the axe hill stirring. The entire board spoke at once, a cacophonous intermingling of approval, denunciation, epithets and incredulity building in volume until our Chairman's conspicuous silence provided a contrast so profound that the uproar was lost within it. All 15 members covered their embarrassment in a muffled spasm of quiet coughing.

"The Olympics are perfect," our Chairman whispered. "Start out at the top. The timing is right, this being an Olympic year. We'll send one of our boys to the Games in New Paris, cover him with gold medals so the public will have a new hero-image to worship and then—boom!—introduce the Royal Hunters at the start of the fall football season."

And that's just the way it happened, more or less. The board agreed unanimously on the wisdom of having a single representative at the Games, "to more clearly focus the image in the public mind," and my choice went without hesitation to Roy. Final elimination Trials for the U.S. track and field team were held in June at the National Stadium and Roy simply made the team in all of the individual events, a feat that wouldn't have been possible in older times because of scheduling conflicts. I instructed him to hold back a bit and so there were no records set, securing a berth on the team was our only objective.

Everything proceeded according to plan until someone leaked Roy's connection with Syndicated Athletics to the media. I've always suspected our wheezing Chairman, especially in light of the Machiavellian way he manipulated subsequent events.

The IOC kicked Roy off the team on the grounds of "professionalism," but Syndicated's legal staff stood ready with a barrage of briefs and within a week succeeded in obtaining an injunction against the Olympic Committee. A district court judge ruled that Roy, as the "property" of Syndicated Athletics, could not be a

continued

"professional" because he received no compensation for his services.

"Now that the cat is out of the bag," our Chairman said, looking very much like a cat himself as he stroked his whiskers at the head of the table. "I think it would be a good idea to take a bunch of the boys, say 50 or so, over to New Paris when you go. Sort of a cheering section. Since we've lost the element of surprise, we want to keep the Hunters' team image before the public as much as possible."

A "good idea" from our Chairman was tantamount to a command and when Roy left for France on the Intercontinental, 50 of his mirror-twin siblings and I followed three days later in a private company glider. Viewers first saw us all together on *Holocene Hi-Lites*, posed as if for a class picture in our blazers and scarves. New Paris is a charming city of parks and monuments, seemingly dedicated for a succession of wealth-laying pilgrimages, and the Royal Hunters made numerous public appearances during the festivities.

Seeing the international art treasures assembled like jewels in this tiny nation's crown makes it difficult to imagine the worldwide outrage that greeted their purchase and removal at the turn of the century. We didn't miss a thing, from the weathered sandstone Sphinx on the Boulevard Egyptian to Winchester Cathedral in the Bois Central. The boys' favorite was the monumental Berghem sculpture of four early American Presidents, originally beamed from a mountaintop in the Dakotas, and now rising like sea gods above the tranquil surface of the circular Lac de Liberte. Perhaps you watched us on *Holocene*, singing a patriotic Independence Day medley as fireworks blossomed over the shimmering reflections of Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln.

The same glorious Fourth marked the opening ceremonies of the XXXV Olympic Games at the Palais du Sport, a marble fantasy built from the splendid Roman ruins at Baalbec. The international athletes paraded under a triumphal arch as whirling clouds of pigeons rose skyward from among white rows of Corinthian columns. An estimated global *Holocene* audience of more than a billion witnessed the lighting of the symbolic flame.

That audience more than doubled the next morning at the start of competition

and continued to grow, day by day, as the tally of Roy's victories mounted. The odds are favorable that somewhere along the line you were in a *Holocene* watching Roy bow his head to receive yet another gold medal. The *Star-Spangled Banner* was replayed with such frequency it came to sound like theme music.

For the first few days it seemed like a beautiful dream. Each victory was a private miracle. Roy took a gold in the shotput, the pole vault, the 100- and 200-meter dashes and 400-meter run, the 400-meter hurdles and the discus and javelin. When the decathlon started on the fourth day Roy was the undisputed favorite.

I had a field pass and shuffled back and forth between my seat in the stadium with the rest of the Royal Hunter boys and a spot on the sidelines among various officials and media representatives. Not even *Holocene* gets you any closer to the action. Roy was an easy winner in the 100-meter dash, the first of the decathlon events. The long jump was next and I paced up and down behind the judges, remembering the afternoon back at school when Roy set a "world record." He broke it in New Paris with an approach like an ascending angel and a leap of such violence that he gashed his ankle with his spikes on the way down.

The shotput followed early in the afternoon with Roy dominating the field once again. In spite of the accustomed triumph something troubled me, something mysteriously wrong. During the high jump I figured out just what it was. I caught up with Roy in the passageway under the stadium as he headed for the dressing room. "Great jump," I said, pacing at his side.

He grinned modestly. "I gave it my best shot."

"Don't undersell yourself, it was terrific. Especially considering you've got an injured ankle."

Roy paused and brushed back a tousled forelock. "Oh, that's nothing, really," he said.

"For once I'm inclined to believe you, Roy," I replied. "It may be nothing now, but it was a nasty gash at the time. I saw it happen. You had it bandaged before the shotput. Only one problem: it was your right ankle that got cut, but you're wearing the bandage on your left."

Roy glanced at the dressing on his ankle, his boyish grin undiminished. "Go ahead," I told him, "take it off. Show

me the wound and prove I was mistaken about this."

"The mistake was mine," Roy said, peeling back the bandage to reveal an ankle innocent of any injury.

"Not even a clone heals that fast," I said. "How many of you are in on this?"

"We're all in on it, sir."

"Wait a minute: a different Roy Hunter is competing in each event?"

"That's right, sir."

"And each of you has trained exclusively in his specialty?" The last piece of the puzzle slid into place.

"Of course."

"And this deception is your idea of fair play? Snaking about switching costumes after you've entered all the events as an individual?"

"But we are an individual, sir," Roy said, looking me straight in the eye. "We always have been. The notion of telling us apart with numbers seemed a joke; we always swapped our shirts and pins around at random. You were the only one who made a distinction."

"And all the chats I had with Roy in my study . . . ?"

"We took turns for that. I was only in your office once. We talked about Jim Therpe." The clone bent down and slipped the bandage he was holding into place on his right ankle. "Just think of us all as Roy," he said, sauntering off toward the showers. "That's who we are, of course. They are me and I am them."

The Royal Hunters went on to win the gold medal in the decathlon, and in every other individual track and field event at New Paris. Twenty-one medals in all. Took turns wearing them, no doubt. Whichever one received the trophy from the president had them all around his neck at once, like a golden lei.

But then, why should I tell you this when you've seen it all on *Holocene*? The Royal Hunters are probably your favorite football team. For all I know, you even voted for him last November when he ran in your district. The nation loves a sports hero. Still, it was clever of Roy to run simultaneously in every congressional district in the country. And down-right sporting of the Supreme Court to let him them do it. They tell me the visitors' gallery in the House of Representatives is jammed for every session now, but did you ever stop to think just who it was that got buried in that landslide victory?

END



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As I Saw It

by RUD GRIMSLEY

IT WAS AS A REF THAT UNBEATEN CHAMP BENNY LEONARD MET HIS END IN THE RING

Benny Leonard walked briskly past me as I greeted him in the lobby of New York's St. Nicholas Arena. He sort of mumbled, "Hi ya, kid," making it clear that he did not want to continue the conversation. If he stopped, he surely would have drawn a crowd of gossips and possibly a reprimand from the boxing commission, since a referee was not permitted to fraternize with the patrons on a night when he was going to officiate.

It was Friday evening, April 18, 1947, and the undefeated former lightweight champion, now 51, was still involved in boxing. This night he would referee the main card at the celebrated dance hall that had been converted into a fight arena. On the previous Tuesday evening I had interviewed Leonard on my evening radio sports program.

"I was a mama's boy," he had said. "When I was 15, I began fighting in the local clubs, but I didn't want my folks to know. So I changed my name from Benny Leiter to Benny Leonard, after the famous minnow man, Eddie Leonard. One night I came home after a fight and my mother was crying. She had found out. My father came in and started shouting at me. 'Viper, tramp,' he yelled. 'Fighting, fighting, fighting—for what?' I took out the five dollars I had earned and handed it to him. He looked at it, smiled and put his arms around me. 'That's all right, Benny,' he said. 'When are you going to fight again. . . ?'"

A little while after encountering him in the lobby, I watched Benny work the card from my ringside press seat. The first fight was between two unknowns with more desire than ability. Benny handled them well, showing better footwork than the boxers, and after four rounds he and the two judges turned in their cards for

the decision. This procedure was repeated four times before the main event, a 10-rounder between two very good lightweights, Julio Jimenez and Eddie Giosa.

The feature did not seem to tax Benny, but after the decision was announced, I noticed that he removed his bow tie and opened his collar buttons. There was no air conditioning and the smoke-filled arena was uncomfortably hot.

"I won the lightweight title in 1937, but previous to that the newspapers had called me the 'uncrowned' champion. The year before I knocked out Freddie Welsh to win the title, I had beaten him badly in a no-decision bout. The rules were different then—the only way you could win the championship was by a knockout. If the champion was standing at the end, he still had the title, no matter how badly he was beaten. . . ."

It was 10:45 p.m. At ringside, Bill Corum, the columnist for the old *New York Journal-American* who was working as the color man on the network radio broadcast, had taken the microphone from blow-by-blow announcer, Don Dunphy, and was recapping Giosa's unanimous decision over Jimenez. Then he briefly mentioned the wind-up bout getting under way between Mario Ramon, of Mexico City, and Bobby Williams, of New York.

I was sitting a few seats away from Corum, watching as Dunphy gathered his notes and prepared to leave. This night Corum had more listeners than usual. His audience was awaiting the on-the-hour news from Texas City, Texas, where a series of explosions had left thousands dead and injured and had destroyed much of the port city.

In the ring, the fighters were clinching a few feet from Corum's head. I went to say goodnight to my broadcasting colleagues and knelt a little to the left of Corum, waiting for him to finish. Someone grabbed his arm and whispered loudly, "Bill, Bill, Benny's in trouble."

"The toughest fight I ever had was with Richie Mitchell in 1921. I almost lost the title then because of Arnold Rothstein, the gambler. Before the fight, Rothstein asked me whether I thought it would be a tough fight. Four years earlier I had knocked out Mitchell in seven rounds, and I told Rothstein this time I thought I could take him in one. That prospect intrigued him, and he said he could get good odds on a first-round knockout and would put \$25,000 on it. He said he would give me a piece of the bet for nothing. Well, Arnie was a good friend and I didn't want to disappoint him. I also wanted to pick up some of that money, so I tore into Mitchell at the opening bell. In less than a minute, I had Mitchell down for a nine count. He got up, but I put him down again for another nine count. With a little more than a minute left, I landed a solid left hook and Mitch-



ell crumpled again. He went down as if he could never make it up before the 10 count, but he made it at eight. I knew one more solid punch and it would be over. It came quickly, but I didn't land it. Out of nowhere, Mitchell dug a solid left to my stomach and all the air went out of me. He followed with a right to the chin and I went down. I didn't know where I was; I was in worse shape than Mitchell had been in. They tell me I got

continued

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AS I SAW IT continued

up at seven—it must have been out of instinct—and I held on till the end of the round. I finally knocked him out in the sixth. Rothstein came into the dressing room after the fight and told me he could never get the bet down. . . .

Corum and I looked up at the ring together. Leonard was right above us, collapsed upon the bottom rope; then, in slow motion, he sank to the ring floor. Corum continued broadcasting. He said, "Oh, oh . . . Benny Leonard has taken a fall."

The saliva trickling from the left side of Leonard's mouth quickly brought a serious tone to Corum's voice. Both fighters dropped their hands to stare at the fallen referee. Leonard was not moving, and he was wheezing. Corum began to ad-lib from his prepared script. "It looks like Benny's fainted," he said. "It's pretty hot here at ringside with all these lights and smoke. He's worked pretty hard tonight, all six bouts."

"Aside from the Mitchell fight, the closest I came to losing was against Lew Tendler in 1922. My big mouth almost lost me the fight to Mitchell, but this time I saved me. In the eighth round Lew hit me on the chin with a tremendous left. I was out on my feet and Lew knew it, but I was able to grab him and clinch. Lew was trying to break loose—and I knew if he did, I was finished. So I said to him, 'Lew, that was a good punch, but now you're gonna get it.' Lew told me later that he was so incensed that I did not go down, and even more furious that I degraded his punching, that he went after me like a wild man. Well, that's the only thing that saved me. I was able to stay away from him the rest of the way and saved my title. The next year I gave him a good licking. . . ."

Leonard's head rolled to the right, and Corum saw his ashen face. "This is worse than I thought, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Benny's face is very gray—he does not look good at all."

Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the ringside physician, quickly went to see about Leonard, and now Corum began to falter as he said, "Dr. Nardiello has just gone into the ring. Benny's not moving. Nardiello has his little bag with him, and he's trying to revive Benny. He's listening to his heart, now he's feeling his pulse."

The fans who had remained for the Ramon-Williams fight were standing on their seats, watching silently. Millions were still tuned in to Corum. "Nardiello's listening for a heartbeat," he said. "Now he's going to his bag. He's going to give Benny a needle, he's going to give Benny a shot."

"I retired in 1925 as undefeated champion. My mother was so happy. I was 28, practically a millionaire and without a scratch. But in 1929 the stock market wiped me out. I was broke. In 1931, when I was 35 years old, I decided to make a comeback as a welterweight. In one year I had about 30 fights and was still undefeated. It sounds good—14 years without a loss. Then I met Jimmy McLarin. He was 10 years younger than I was, and he knocked me out in the sixth round. That was it. I retired for good. . . ."

Dr. Nardiello placed the syringe back in his bag. Corum continued to describe the scene: "Dr. Nardiello's still trying to listen for a heartbeat. He's signaling for a stretcher."

Leonard was gently placed on the stretcher and carried from the ring. Corum kept on reporting: "I hope you people at home will forgive me, I don't know what to say, but Benny doesn't look very good. Forgive me if I stumble, but Benny is a very good friend and his face is very gray."

Boxing commission officials quickly held a conference, and the bout between Ramon and Williams was canceled. Their handlers wrapped them in robes and led them from the ring. The house lights were turned on.

The Western Union operators were tapping out their stories and the ringside reporters typed their leads, still unaware that soon they would hear them up to tell their readers of Leonard's last moments. At the microphone Bill Corum said, "They're taking care of Benny in the dressing room. I hope everything will be all right, but I fear it's something serious." He then signed off.

At precisely the same moment in the dressing room, Dr. Nardiello said, "He hasn't taken a breath for over a minute." Then he slowly shook his head. Benny Leonard was dead. Nardiello began to pack his bag, but he couldn't finish. He sat down on a bench and cried.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A summary of the work may be found in

BARFUTBALL NEWS: Boston defeated Cleveland 74-7 to take their semifinal series first game 1-0 and set up a best-of-seven championship playoff against the Phoenix Suns. In Game 1 on Sunday the Celtics, who have won 12 titles and lost only one, whipped the Suns 94-67 as Jo Jo White, held to only two points in the first half, exploded for 20 second-half points and John Havlicek, apparently recovered from the heel injury that limited his activity against the Cavaliers, played 40 minutes and scored 15 points.

OLYMPIAN: Anna Wiest of UCLH, the 21-year-old star of the "Miss America" Back Forward David Model, was one of 12 players named to the U.S. women's Olympic basketball team. The others: Laura Burton of Texas State; Heather Mathews of the University of Maryland; Heather Nason of the University of California; Cindy Brown of Xavier University; Cassi Pat Roberts of Emporia State; Katie John Sumner of Southern, N. Mex.; Mary Anne O'Connor of Fairleigh Dickinson; Lisa Ann Johnson of State University of New York; and Julie H. Young of Minnesota, a graduate assistant at Penn State. Pat Heil, a teacher at the University of Tennessee, Michelle Makowski of Saint Joseph, Mo., Christi Rapp of Cleveland, Texas and Kristi Smith of Long Beach, Calif., were named alternates.

Sabbag.—VICTOR CALONDE of Argentina, recruited his Wild, light brown wings coated by blackening over Rufous Kestrel of Washington, N.J., in the 19th century, in Johannesburg.

ROBERTO GUERIN of Panama reportedly decided to WBAJ (brightest rate by smoking out Lou Ranero in the 14th round of a scheduled 15 rounder in Ranero's hometown of Edo, Pa.)

JOSE CAULEN of Spain knocked out Freddy Roach of Wales in the 14th round to win the WBA junior middleweight championship in Tokyo.

GOAT CHERY DEBERT shot a 15-under (17) on with the \$200,000 (Navy) Thomas Whipple Golf Classic by final stroke. It was his second victory in four years on the pro tour.

AMY ALCOVE invited the UK's best for a tour, under-pur 47 in the final round of the LPGA "M Classic at Jameson Hill, N.J., and from Jane Wainick for one stroke with a score of 220.

CLINTON STRANDBERG, a 21-year-old junior at Wake Forest, defeated U.S. Amateur champion Fred Wedby 6 and 3 in the M-hole final to win his second straight North and South Amateur championship at Pinehurst, N.C.

colony. With Bobby Wall scored the winning

final is held again at the Winnipeg Jets' behest (the defending champion's Houston Oilers 4-3 and 3-4 to take a 2-0 lead in the best-of-seven championship series, Game 3).

HORSE RACING—ANCIENT TITLE (1140), ridden by Sandy Hawley, defeated Pay Tribute by a head to win the 14-mile California at Hollywood Park for the second straight year. Hot time for the 4:20, 5:00 race was 1:41.4.

DEARLY PRECIOUS (M-40): Acute Vagueness up, from the one-way Avenue at Belmont Park to I-194, treating the address as *Severin's* Cynicalism Club by 7th Avenue Avenue 390.

SEVEN SEVENTS—MARIO ANDRETTI, driving a Porsche 911 Carrera, became the fastest qualifier for the 11-hour Indianapolis 500 field with a speed of 189.456 mph, almost half a mph faster than Johnny Rutherford, who has the pole position. LARRY GUTHRIE, 38, posted his rookie test, but did not attempt to qualify.

BIRMINGHAM—NASC's George Chongola made a spectacular debut with the New York Cosmos. He, Phil and Keith Lally scored two goals apiece to lead the Cosmos and Los Angeles 6-0, third K. Williams, the Cosmos' first star, scored his first goal in the Cosmos' 7-0 win over the Boston 7-8 soccer team in the Eastern Division. Derek Kennedy's hat trick, the first of the season, powered Tampa Bay to a 5-2 victory over Hartford. The most popular game, though, was 1: G. with Miami, Portland, Chicago and

Valdivia, Chile; Philadelphia, Pa.; San Antonio, Tex.; and Tokyo, respectively, by the point. Win-
ning this year (11, 1954) Team America lost
the services of George Best and Rodney Marsh as it
began the seventh Biennial Cup tournament
against the unified team of Great Britain and
Ireland in 1955 4-0.

By beating New Jersey twice, 5-1 and 5-1, at Vic Carabrese's second three goals in each game, Ronald Island-owned Chicago 7 Guarded the City, Milwaukee 3-1. The Islanders, who also lost to New Jersey 3-2 and New York 1-1, will play their league season finale, the results counting in the AHL standings. With wins at first game, beating Tacoma 1-0 on a goal by Tony Damico, while Los Angeles lost 2-0 to Oakland, the Sacramento-San Jose and Tacoma-Cornwall games produced 220 minutes of total frustration, 3625 4000 seconds.

announced—JILL STERNAGE, 11, of Hayden Heights, Calif., set a pending U.S. record of 58.14 in the 100-yard freestyle at a qualifying round for the girls' CIF Southern Section in Los Angeles, lowering the 1978 mark of Kathy Haddy by .11.

TURNER ELIE NASTASE directed Robert Aske R-7, 1-4, 6-7, 8-1, 9-110 with the 1122,000WCT Area Unit, West Coast of Washington, Alaska, Hawaii.

WTT: New York held first place in the East, defeating Los Angeles 21-20 and topping San Diego 20-20 as Brian Kang kept pace. Terry Hendricks, 8-1 in the singles and 10-10 with Virginia Wade in both the doubles. In the West, the team of Jim McManis and John Davidson, 10-10, teamed up to win the doubles. In the West, the team of Jim McManis and John Davidson, 10-10, teamed up to win the doubles. In the West, the team of Jim McManis and John Davidson, 10-10, teamed up to win the doubles.

[illegible]

MILEPOSTS—NABHILL: NBA Coach of the Year, BILL WATSON, whose Cleveland Cavaliers won the Central Division title and made the playoffs for the

RETIRED—TINY WALDROP, 24, who was ran 21 straight sub-first-minute miles and in 1974 set a world indoor mile record of 1:21.9, announced that he has chosen an occupational specialty.

DAVID OSCAR BOGHAKIANA, 11, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, was attacked by WBC Heavyweight contender of a further round to know. He was 34 and 175 lbs. During his 12-year professional career and scored 31 knockouts. He was knocked out only once, by Muhammad Ali in the 11th round. Held for investigation of homicide in connection with Roseberry's death was William Roseberry of Los Angeles, Tex.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

18.—drawing by Amelia Ann, 18, 19.—head (under), 20,
21.—head (side), Jerry Cornea, 22, 23.—winter (top)
of Mary Anne, 24, 25.—Mary Anne's head
(over), 71.—James O'Brien, 76.—Terry Trafton, Jerry Cornea
80.—Eric Schuchman, 84.—John Isomura, 100.—Julia Es-
posito, Polinaev, 101.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIMMY STEGA, a junior at Hillcrest High in Dallas, who has been taking for just three years, says *Miss* came and came in second. He wishes to take the National Butterfly Single-handed championships in a weather-shrouded regatta on Dallas White Rock Lake.



SUZIE WOODBURN, a sophomore at Colby Sawyer College in New London, N.H., was the national high-point jumper at the Intercollegiate Equestrian Championships at Mt. Holyoke. Suzie also captained Colby-Sawyer's team, which won the most (7) ribbons.



PAUL AMMON, 18, of Oklahoma City, is the first 4A wrestler to win the state championship three times. Ammon is undefeated in his last 70 matches, with a three-year record of 82-1-1. A football halfback, he was chosen Oklahoma City's Prep Player of the Year.



JEFF FAIRBIE, 12, of Hackensack, N.J., won his second straight AAU karate championship. Jeff has won his last 15 matches and placed first in his fighting division in his last seven tournaments. He also is the district 85 pound-class wrestling champion.



DEBRA OLIVERSON, 29, of Anchorage, Alaska, who has been coaching for less than three years, led her Bartlett High School girls' volleyball team to the state title this season. The Golden Bears won their first 11 games and finished with a 35-2 record. Debra's husband, **CLAY**, 32, has been coaching at Denison High School in Anchorage for five years, and this season he guided his boys' basketball team to its second state championship. The Lynx won their first 10 games and had a season record of 24-3.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

DR. J

Sir:

Pat Putnam and John Papanek did an excellent job in their articles on the ABA championship and the game's most exciting—and greatest—player: Julius Erving (*The Doctor Opens Up His Medicine Bag*, May 17). New York and Denver played a superb series, and although no one got to see them on national TV, you exposed them to everyone through your cover story.

JEROME KATZKE

Thorp, Wis.

Sir:

About that cover jinx of yours. Both times Julius Erving has appeared on your cover he has gone on to win the MVP award, and the Nets have won the ABA championship. It looks as though *SI's* cover is the right medicine for the Doctor and his teammates.

HARVEY PAIN

Oremont, N.Y.

Sir:

Your May 17 cover shows something I have never seen before. Julius Erving's feet do touch the ground once in a while, don't they?

DANA FRISS

Bridgeport, W. Va.

Sir:

Pat Putnam restored my faith in the now-silencing ABA with his account of Dr. J and the championship series. I am all for a merger between the ABA and NBA if that is the only way we will be able to see such an exceptional player on TV.

SHANE SMITH

Breckville, Md.

Sir:

Remember Julius Erving come Sportsworld of the Year award time.

MICHAEL ANTHONY BAKER

Brook, N.Y.

Sir:

John Papanek informed readers that when "ABA publicist Jim Bakala said someone had written that high school star Darrell Griffith and [David] Thompson were the only two humans who could execute a mid-air 360-degree turn and slam dunk," Dr. J "considered the question . . . took three steps, flew into the air, spun 360 degrees" and dunked, making it three.

Two years ago we had on our team a young man named Carlos Miao (currently playing

professional ball in Italy) who performed the "Miao 360" with regularity. So please add a fourth.

JERRY CHANDLER
Assistant Basketball Coach
Long Beach State
Long Beach, Calif.

ALL-YOUNG (CONT'D)

Sir:

In regard to your article concerning the Muhammad Ali-Jimmy Young heavyweight title bout (*The Champ Lunked Like a Champ*, May 10), Young definitely won the fight and therefore should have been awarded the championship of the world. Nonetheless does it say that a challenger has to knock the champ down or not; all he has to do is defeat him, which Young obviously did.

ROCKY ARONALUX

Jennings, La.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Mark Kram's article on the Ali-Young fight. However, I honestly think Young should now be world heavyweight champion. I hope he gets another shot at the title.

JOHN L. SEESTER

Flat Rock, Ala.

SCIENTIFIC TERMS

Sir:

My compliments on your article about Vic Braden ("Tennis Is in the Stone Age," May 10). Indeed, tennis and most other sports are in the Stone Age regarding application of scientific methods. Tennis magazines tend to reject concepts derived from objective data analysis because these concepts have not come from within the professional tennis ranks. Therefore no new concept can be introduced until it has been adopted by a professional—about a decade after the original synthesis of the idea.

The article on Braden also shows that a humanist spirit is compatible with an interest in precise mechanical analysis of sports skills.

M. L. JOHANSEN

Hammond, La.

Sir:

Thanks for the article on Vic Braden, a super guy and totally committed person. I completed his Tennis College in March and look forward to returning for some "post-graduate" work.

BILL WAPNER

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

Maybe expending Vic Braden's tennis philosophy wasn't the purpose of Frank Deford's article, but why can't there be further articles giving details of this new approach to the game? Wouldn't everyone benefit, including Braden?

The article was a good character study, but I certainly didn't learn anything new about how to play tennis than I knew when I started reading it.

MIMI O'DONNELL

Peterborough, Ontario

Sir:

I agree with Vic Braden that there probably is much that can be learned concerning the mechanics of tennis strokes.

Your caption to the wonderful multiple exposures of Braden hitting a forehand and backhand drive, which begin: "Ideally his, backhand and forehand are mirror images," continues to bother me, however. It seems to me that the shoulder movement is entirely different in the two strokes. In the forehand the shoulder rotates basically counter-clockwise and the swing is "up and around" from 3 to 12 o'clock. In the backhand the body turns around, but the shoulder rotation is still counter-clockwise and thus "down and up," or from 9 to 6 for a slice backhand and from 6 to 3 for the top spin that you show.

At any rate, my backhand improved greatly when the above thoughts occurred to me.

ALBERT HANKE

Urbana, Ill.

UNIVERSAL FEELINGS

Sir:

Ren Fimrite has given us a fresh taste of truly objective reporting (*Viewpoint*, May 17). The regional stereotype, as Fimrite points out, is invalid. But let it be said that at times Sports Illustrated, too, has been most instrumental in perpetuating these stereotypes. I hope other writers and editors will heed Fimrite's incisive commentary. As for the *Newsworld* article and similar pieces, may they be put to use lining the bottoms of "regional" bridges.

KEVIN J. MULLIN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Like Ron Fimrite, I read the piece in *Newsworld* concerning California. As a former Californian (I lived there for 11 years), I agree wholeheartedly that "the regional stereotype is invalid." However, Fimrite is a

continued



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PIRELLI

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WITH HOLE continued

victim of his own criticism. There exists an ill-conceived idea that the cities of Boston and San Francisco are bastions of sophistication and culture while Miami and Los Angeles are sun-baked careless nowhere. Forrester's statement that San Francisco "has as much in common with Los Angeles as, say, Boston has with Miami" evokes these stereotypes and is as unfair and wrong as the opinion in *Newsweek*.

That opinions are often based upon clichés is an unfortunate matter. How many of your readers will believe that I do not cheer myself from my sins before I go to the theater in Kansas City?

FRANK ROBERTSON

Overland Park, Kans.

SOVER BOYS

Sir:

When I was three years of age and my brother was nine weeks old, we embarked on an adventure similar to that of the Abernathy brothers' *Roughriding Rover Boys*, May 17). With Jeff riding a duck and myself a broom, we rode from Mexico City to Anchorage, Alaska in three days (we didn't miss one light). Carrying only travelers' checks we did the best we could for milk and diapers.

Our father had previously become famous by catching great white sharks bare-handed. He used a technique very much like the one Jack Abernathy used with walrus, holding the shark's lower jaw down so the shark couldn't bite. He wore only a thin glove on his hand (the thinner the better).

Later we were offered \$1 million if we could cross the continent in one week riding wild rats. We were six seconds late and were not awarded the money. The only ones waiting for us at the end of our journey were our father and a few interested rats. No kidding.

JOHN LIVERSY

Tulsa

• The Abernathys' feats, though hard to believe, are well documented.—E.D.

DIMAGGIO'S NUMBER

Sir:

In your Baseball Issue (April 82) you correctly pictured Henry Aaron wearing No. 5 as a rookie. However, you did not show a rookie picture for Joe DiMaggio, the most famous No. 5 in baseball history, although you discussed his fine rookie year. Would you have recalled that he did not wear No. 5 then? He wore No. 9.

DAVID P. HASKINS

New York City

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